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Preserving the Past For the Future

FLASH BACK

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Washington County Historical Society

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FLASH BACK

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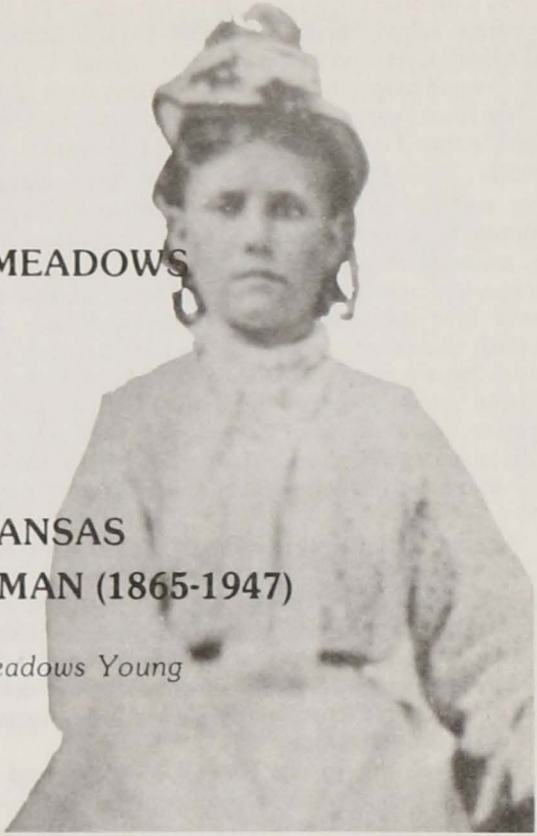
Preserving the Past For the Future

MARY JANE MEADOWS



ARKANSAS PIONEER WOMAN (1865-1947)

By Joan Meadows Young

Mary Jane Meadows on her wedding day, Dec. 20, 1890.

FLASHBACK has struck a unique chord with me, and I am sure many readers will agree. It has touched me with insights and inspiration. It has opened my eyes time and time again. The story of my grandmother, Mary Jane Meadows, cries out to be told each time I receive FLASHBACK in the mail. To me, she was a true Arkansas pioneer woman.

Her days with me were long ago; the memories are blurred in some instances, so I have had to depend somewhat on my family. Stories about her have not made me change the way I live, but have made me hunger for more information about her and ways to understand what it was like in Arkansas at the turn of the century.

To me, her name was simply Grandma Meadows. Her children, including my father Cecil Meadows, called her Ma and sometimes Mary Jane. To her friends and neighbors she was Miz Meadows or Mary Jane. She was born in Gentry County, Missouri February 18, 1865 to Bazil and Louisa Brown David. Her father was probably of Scotch-Irish descent. Her mother was

partly Cherokee Indian and her family was on the Indian rolls. She had five brothers: Alfred, Sterling, John, Price, and Corby. She had three sisters: Elizabeth, Cass, and Catherine (called Rene). They left Missouri about 1868 by covered wagon for Arkansas, walking most of the way, and settled on White River near the present site of LaRue. The 1880 census shows them in Elm Springs Township in Washington County.

Mary Jane had dark hair and dark eyes; she was short in stature and wore her hair in a little bun at the back of her head. She had a funny little sense of humor, with a slow, thoughtful smile. She was quick to offer hospitality and, to my knowledge, was never unkind. She often smoked a corncob pipe, was a very clean housekeeper, and never allowed us to sit on her beds. She wore long petticoats and long-sleeved dresses, usually made of calico (which she called "caliker") in dark colors, grey or dark blue, which she made herself. She used an old turkey wing fan which she kept close by, and a poke bonnet hung on a nail by the door was used when she worked in the garden. She had a "best" hat to wear to town and church, and her best dress was lavender with a lace collar (in which dress she was buried). I never saw her with a piece of jewelry on her hands, but she may have had a wedding ring.

Around 1885 she lived with her parents in Colevill Township in Benton County. On March 9, 1881, she and James A. Hembre had taken out a license to wed, but on the day of the wedding he was shot and killed at the church by a jealous suitor who wanted no one else to have her. Later she went to work in the harvest at the Meadows and Williamson farm in Lowell, Arkansas and met David Frank Meadows. They obtained a marriage license December 20, 1890 at Bentonville and were married at Rogers. Both were 24 years old at the time.

Frank was the son of Samuel Meadows and Mary Ann Williamson Meadows. Sam Meadows was a Civil War veteran who had fought with the Union forces under Col. LaRue Harrison, 1st Arkansas Cavalry, which was posted at Fayetteville. He died in 1875 and is buried at Bolivar, Missouri.

I never got to know Frank Meadows as a grandfather, but people tell me he was a unique man. He had reddish-brown hair and a freckled complexion. During his life he was a blacksmith, part-time sheriff, and delivered the mail from Bentonville to Springtown in a buckboard. He belonged to the Masonic Lodge at Springtown (later moved to Gentry). He was much loved and respected by his family. Their first child was a boy born in 1893 who died at birth; Grandma said he was a large baby, badly swollen at birth. She said it was the hardest day of her life when she had to walk away and leave that baby behind in the family plot at Elm Springs cemetery. The next child was daughter Pearl who was born June 6, 1894 and who was married to Walter Ford around 1914. Pearl's and Walter's only child died two weeks before his mother in 1918. Both are buried at Hebron Cemetery.

Next in line was Clay Meadows, born April 1896. He always lived with Grandma at the farm and late in life married Hazel Reading. After him came my father, Cecil Frank Meadows, born February 18, 1898, who married Vallie Hill in 1919. For a long time he did not walk and got along by dump-

Pearl Meadows with her husband, Walter Ford, 1915.

ing himself along. His sister Pearl nicknamed him "Dump" and it stuck with him all his life.

The fifth child was Otto Meadows who married Ruby Gaston from an early Arkansas pioneer family. Sixth was Effie Jane, married to Baily Compton, and seventh, Ocie who married George Rakes. Ocie was born two days after the death of her father, and lived all her life in the Cave Springs area.

The first part of this story was told my sister (Betty Maples) in 1957 by our uncle, Clay Meadows. Other parts are memories of my mother Vallie Meadows who is now 86 years old and lives at Sand Springs, Oklahoma, and Aunt Ruby Meadows who is 76 years old and lives at Tulsa, Oklahoma. Their memories date from the 1920s when they were first married to the Meadows boys. Ruby and Vallie are the last surviving members of the original family.

Memories of Clay Meadows

My father, David Franklin Meadows, sold the "birthplace farm" which is located between Elm Springs and Cave Springs, Arkansas to John W. Mr. W. traded a pair of mules, Pete and Jude, as a down payment on the farm, but never paid the rest of the money. You took a man for his word in those days, and Dad never signed any papers to make the agreement legal. All of we children were born there, except Ocea (Ocie). My mother was very

unhappy when Dad traded off the farm. It was a good farm and "Maw" always loved it there. Dad had a blacksmith shop there and an evaporator in which fruit was dried, as well as a good big spring which furnished plenty of water.

From the birthplace farm we moved to a farm near Highfill Town as it was then called. We lived there one year and then moved to the farm near Springtown, Arkansas after the crops were harvested in Highfill. Dad paid $50 cash rent to a widow woman in Iowa who badly needed the money, for a year's rent. $50 cash was high rent. Rent was usually paid in grain, but this farm was located near a school, had a good house and barn on it, and a big spring for water. Dad fixed up a blacksmith shop there, across the spring from the house and close by the road that led to the Flatt Still house. The Flatt Still house was the only place for miles around which made and sold whiskey. It was sold in big jugs — must have been about five gallon jugs — as I remember.

This was the first time the family ever paid cash for rent, but we thought we would have better advantages here, as it had a large fruit orchard, also.

On this farm Dad died the evening of July 6, 1906. Ocea was born July 8th. Maw had baked a green apple cobbler, which Dad called "Poor Man's Pie" because the crust was made from cold biscuits. He had eaten a heavy meal, shod a team of horses, after which I went with him to take a hog to a neighbor to be fattened. On the way back home we stopped to cut down a dead tree for firewood. Dad cut the tree and I was holding the team of mules because Pete was mean and the horse flies were bothering the mules so bad they were jumping up and down. After Dad cut the tree, he sat down on it for about five minutes and then fell on his face. Dad had a log chain in the wagon, so I got it and tied Pete to a tree and ran over to Dad and tickled him in the ribs because I thought he was asleep. He didn't move, so I ran to the house to tell Maw Dad was sick.

My Grandma Meadows (Mary Ann) was visiting us for a week when this happened. She said she had a warning that she should come and see about Frank and his family. It had been an all-day trip from Lowell, where she lived, to our house and Bill Williamson had brought her by horse and buggy.

Dad died about sundown. Maw stayed in the woods by his body until about 4:00 in the morning when twelve men and a doctor came to verify his death. In those days you had to have twelve men to witness a death before you could move the body of a dead person. After some of the neighbors came to help Maw, who sent me to the house to get some sleep and Granma (Mary Ann) Meadows went up on the hill to stay with Maw by Dad's body.

Marion Reading rode Pete the mule to Siloam Springs to tell Aunt Rene, Maw's sister, about Dad and to get a doctor. John Budding and Will Reading rode to find the twelve witnesses and tell the neighbors. After the twelve witnesses and the doctor arrived, they moved Dad's body to the house and held a jury meeting to determine the cause of death and make a legal death certificate. Marion Reading borrowed John Bolding's hack and hauled Dad's body to Elm Springs to bury him. I stayed with Maw.

The morning after Dad died from a heart attack, Maw sent me to see about one of the horses that hadn't come in from the pasture that night. He had fallen into a deep ditch on his back and beat himself to death trying to get out. I didn't want to tell Maw what had happened to the horse, but had to. She threw up her hands and said, "What else can happen to me!"

We had a tremendous apple crop the fall after Dad died, and Maw didn't have any money, so was worried about how in the world she was going to get the apples hauled to market. I was ten years old and Dump was 8. We were now the men in our family and had to do the best we could to help Maw and the rest of the kids. Pearl helped Maw with the housework and looked after the smaller children: Effie, Otto, and Ocea the baby. Once again the Reading boys came to our rescue. Marion and Will Reading were young men at that time and each had a team of fine horses. We picked the apples and loaded them in the wagon. Marion and Will brought their teams and wagons over and helped haul the apples to Gentry to be loaded into box cars. We took three wagon loads of apples a day to Gentry for a month. Will drove Pete and Jude in the lead wagon. I was in the middle, driving his gentle mares, and Marion behind me so they could watch after me. They wouldn't let Maw pay them a cent for all their help. Their mother came and helped Maw after Ocea was born. They were the best neighbors and helped us so much when we couldn't very well help ourselves.

After the crops were harvested on this farm near Springtown, Maw traded Pete and Jude, the mules, and two new horse collars to a Mr. John Owens for 20 acres of land south and east of Cave Springs (1½ miles east and one mile south). The house was a two-room box style house and had a log cabin in the back.

When our family moved from Springtown to Cave Springs, the Reading family again came to our rescue and helped us move. Zonie Thornberry's husband, Mathew, and Roxie Graham's husband, Joe, also helped. Zonie and Roxie were Dad's only two nieces, daughters' of his only sister, Met.

Mathew Thornsberry and Joe Graham tended to overindulge in alcohol. However, they had a lot of good qualities about them and wanted to help us move. They brought their teams and wagons to the house the night before we were to start moving, so we could get things loaded for an early start the next morning. Just before sundown they went over to the Flatt Still house, got some liquor, and drank all night.

When we started on our moving journey, the Reading boys took Maw, the kids, and the furniture in their wagons. Mathew and Joe hauled the farm tools. I rode the horse Dad had bought for me and herded the four cows. (I was really proud of my horse; Dad had paid $7 for him.) We traveled from Springtown to Logan, from Logan to Osage, then on the Cave Springs. It was a long distance, but the best route because the timber was so thick you had to stick to the wagon trails. We got to ur new home about 10:00 that night. The frost was white on the ground. I was the coldest I have ever been in my whole life.

On our way, at Osage Creek, Mathew decided he wanted to ride my horse. He chased the cows up and down the creek, and we were afraid the

cows would drown because the water was deep. When we were back on the route, we came to a pond of water. I went to head off a cow, and my horse fell with me in this pond. I was wet and cold and angry, but the horse was not hurt.

Maw thought this had been a terrible day: messing with drunks for a day and a night, trying to fix food and beds for us kids and the folks that had helped us move. We were all so tired and glad this moving job was over, Maw said if she could help it, we would never move again! Dump and I slept in the log cabin that night. The one big room didn't have any daubing between the logs — cracks about four or five inches apart. Lots of mornings snow would have drifted between the cracks and be three or four inches deep on our bed covers. We were proud of our house; it had a good roof.

Mary Jane's parents lived about a mile west of them on another little farm. Her parents helped as much as they could. Her father, Bazil David, was a Civil War veteran who fought with the Missouri Home Guard. At the time of the war he was declared legally blind and was not taken into regular service. Being blind, there was little he could do to help Mary Jane, but he could care for the garden by putting one hand on top of a plant and then hoeing carefully around that plant. The children loved these grandparents very much. The other grandmother, Mary Ann Meadows, was a widow who lived at Lowell, about five miles to the south of them. She came often to see

Strawberry Field, Cave Springs, Ark. Circa 1910. Meadows Family in front row; Cecil on the box, Pearl next to him, Effie Jane with basket next to them. Clay is last boy in front row.

them, driving a white horse and buggy and bringing them treats when she got her pension check.

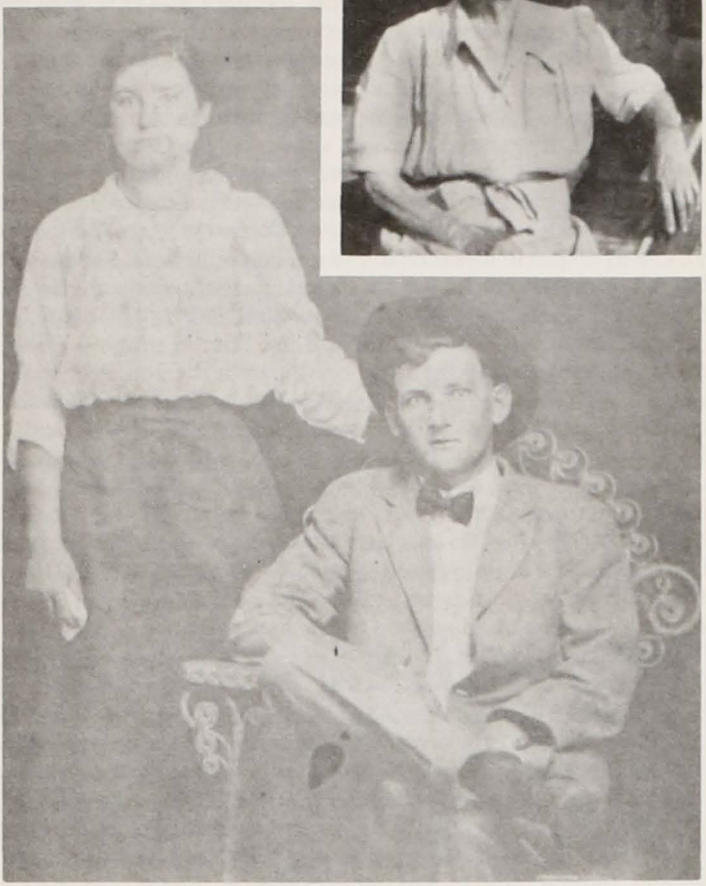
The boys did their best at farming. They had a large garden and a good well of water, a house with a porch across the front and two large maple trees in the yard. There was a big iron kettle in the yard where they heated water to wash clothes. They also had a big copper kettle in which they made apple butter for canning. Grandmother worked hard wherever she could to support them. They all picked apples, beans, and strawberries for the canning company. They attended a school called Center Corner where their teacher was Miss Sadie Hall. There were about 35 pupils in the class in 1913. The younger children went to school more than the older ones who were needed to work. Dr. Highful was their doctor and family friend who lived in Cave Springs. He was such a kind old doctor he would come to help even if he was not paid, or he would take as payment some chickens or a sack of potatoes. Once, when Grandma was sick, Dr. Highful came to see her and in the distance they would hear a fox hunt in progress. They all went outside and listened to the dogs barking with the sound of the horn carrying all through the hills. Dr. Highful became very excited — he loved to hear them hunting the foxes. When he was older, in the 1940s, my sister Betty Maples went with Dr. Highful on some of his rounds. One time they were on their way to see a neighbor with a broken hip. Betty said he drove much too slowly, never shifted gears, and forgot to put gas in the car. They ran out of gas and she had to walk back to Cave Springs to get help. Many people still living in Cave Springs today have fond memories of Dr. Highful.

Another time, Dr. Highful came to Grandma's aid was in 1926 when her house burned. Grandma had gone to her nearest neighbor, Sal Gaston, for something. The fire caught in the roof flue and she could smell the smoke and see the fire on her way home, but there was nothing she could do. The fire was too high to put water on it and she couldn't save many things, except some of the bedding and a few of the pictures shown here. Neighbors saw the smoke and came quickly to help her, including Dr. Highful.

Some of her closest neighbors were: John and Mary Ford, Martha and Lorenzo Crawford, Sal, Mary and Lil Gaston, Annie and Bill Lloyd and their children Bessie and Olan, the Ben Hatfields, John and May Smith, Garland and Martha Smith, and her cousins — Cleve, Bill and Tom Williamson. The Crawfords gave her and Uncle Clay a place to stay the first few nights until they gathered from the neighbors enough supplies to move into the old log cabin that was still standing. Garland Smith, an old friend, had a saw mill on the Sal Gaston farm. Ruby Meadow's father, Henry Gaston, worked at the saw mill, so he quickly came to help. They cut down trees on Grandma's land and sawed lumber to make her a new house. Neighbors came from all over to help. She soon had a three-room house with big rooms and storage space, ready once again to start over.

I remember Grandma had an old cow, an old horse, chickens, a big rooster, and an old Model A Ford in which Uncle Clay drove them to town. Once, when she had hung her petticoats on the line to dry, her old cow ate the one which had safety pins in it. I remember how worried she was that her cow would die. I remember the biscuits she made for breakfast, as big as

Mary Jane Meadows, photo taken in 1944.



Mary Jane's Son, Cecil with his cousin, Rosie Owens, 1915.

a teacup, and how good they tasted. I remember that in her back store room there were lots of canned food, fruit jars, and quilts. There was an old pump organ which belonged to Aunt Ruby Meadows in which dirt-dauber wasps had built themselves a nest. When we pumped up and down to play it, the wasps made loud buzzing noises, but didn't scare us away.

I remember how she would say when we finally got to her house, "I just knew you were coming!" She could hear my father's old truck as it turned to come up the old flintrock road leading to her house. I remember the old white bulldog that guarded everything for her. He was blind in one eye, and Uncle Clay said he had a glass eye. I was always trying to figure how they got the glass in; I was sure he would have bit them.

My grandmother liked to drink hot toddies when it was cold. When my father came, they drank them together. Sometimes Uncle Clay got in trouble with Grandma and she would start quarreling at him. When this happened, he would start moving toward the door to get outside and we would all laugh. I remember going into Bentonville with him in his old car. I was about ten years old at the time and he left me in the car while he went to the feed store. It soon got very hot in the car, so I opened the door and cut my arm on it. When my arm started to bleed I took my skirt and held it over my cut; soon the skirt was all bloody. When Uncle Clay finally came, he said, "Boy, you are going to get us in trouble with Ma!" When she saw me, she said, "What have you done to this child? Did you go off and leave her in the car? Just look at her, her dress is ruined." I took this all in and enjoyed it, I wasn't in trouble with Ma; he was.

Grandma Meadows lived on the little farm until she died March 15, 1947. For 40 years she stuck to her vow never to move again. During all her hardships, raising her family, she somehow managed to keep the taxes paid and would not permit a mortgage on the farm. That farm was left to Uncle Clay because of all the years he had worked on it. He sold it in 1950.

Her children did not grow up to be statesmen or well known men or women. They did grow up to be honest, hard-working, and willing to help their neighbors. I never heard them raise a voice to their mother or treat her unkindly. At the time of her death, they all lived within a one hundred mile radius of her.

Both black and white neighbors were there for her funeral. One grandson, Dale Rakes, his wife Martha, and their daughter, Terry Rakes still lives at Cave Springs. Thus, the Meadows family and their descendants have lived in the area more than one hundred years. Most of them are buried in the Elm Springs cemetery. Mary Jane was polished by hard knocks and bad times. She survived because she was strong-willed and could take it. I think of her almost every day. To me she was a true Arkansas pioneer woman.

Obituary of Mrs. Mary Jane Meadows

Bentonville, Ark. - Mrs. Mary Jane Meadows, 81 years old, died at 12:45 Saturday morning at the home of her daughter, Mrs. George Rakes, at Cave Springs. Born in Gentry County, Missouri, she was the daughter of Bazzel (sic) and Louisa Brown David who moved to Benton County in 1869 and settled on White River near the present site of LaRue. She was married December 20, 1880 (sic) to the late David Franklin Meadows in Bentonville and they lived in the Hebron community south of Bentonville. She occupied her last home more than 40 years and was a member of the Zion Baptist church near Lowell for 68 years.

She is survived by three sons, Clay and Cecil of near Bentonville and Otto of Tulsa; two daughters, Mrs. Rakes of Cave Springs and Mrs. Bailey Compton of near Bentonville; two brothers, Sterling David of Bentonville and Orba David of Cave Springs; a sister, Mrs. Katherine Lane of Stilwell, Okla.; 12 grandchildren and two great grandchildren. Another daughter, Mrs. Walter Ford, died in 1918.

(The above clipping is from an unidentified newspaper and is undated.)

THE WINDS OF ADVERSITY

(Your Editor continues the saga of the Icenogles with apologies to their many descendants. Elmer Long, of Springdale, who kindly gave us his copy of Elmer Icenogle's manuscript, is a second cousin to the author. Mr. Long is a grandson of John Ed Icenogle, while Elmer Icenogle, the writer, was a grandson of John Ed's brother. Further, the photo of John Ed should have carried the date 1906, not 1904 as published. Also, the first date in the story should have been 1886, not 1836. Now on with a most interesting story.)

For many years we did not have the slightest idea why we had all taken the fever, but later a young doctor told me that it was caused by germs in water. He explained that the well I dug through the sand rock had been contaminated by water from the barn and outdoor privvy, seeping along the top of the sandstone. These buildings and the barn lot were on the slope of the mountain above the well. He said, "As long as you used the water from the spring up on the rock layers of the mountain you were safe, but as soon as you dug the well below, the water from the barn and toilet found its way into the well."

After some time, things began to get back as they were before, but it was a couple of months before I was well enough to work again. They next year there was more pasturage for our stock, I had more work from my trades, and the boys began to earn enough to buy their own clothes. Besides working for neighbors in the valley, they trapped in winter and dug and sold ginseng roots. Of course our doctor bill was terribly high, but Dr. Clarke was a lenient man. His charges were only $1.50 for a trip, and if he had another patient close by, he charged them each a dollar. Since we were all sick at once, he treated all of us at one visit. The doctor's horse became very thin that fall, and his buggy very rickety. Some people paid their doctor bills in produce such as bacon, eggs, apples, and wood for his stoves and fireplace. Others did repairs on his house and barn for which he more than generously credited their accounts. Despite the bills, we were thankful to be alive, as many died that year of the typhoid. My brother-in-law's family lost two of their younger children.

A few years and we were out of debt and our experience with illiness only a bad memory. The human animal can stand a lot of punishment and hardship if love abides in the home. Louisa and I had always been lovers, but our love had seemed to deepen after these hardships, and it has ever remained thus through many years.

We saw that over the years our timber land had become more valuable, especially since a hardwood lumber mill was established in Fayetteville. Houses in the cities were being finished with oak and maple floors, and all kinds of hardwood increased in demand for cabinet work, furniture, sewing machines and coffins. We could have sold at a nice figure, but we knew that a few years of waiting while other's supplies were exhausted would make ours even more valuable. We thought that now, since we had been through the drouth, survived the typhoid epidemic, and the older children were helping out, we would hold out a while. It was like having a bank account drawing good interest - even better than some bank accounts, for many banks in the southwest had failed during the drouth and depression.

But, as the poet had said, "The best-laid plans of mice and men do sometimes gaw awry." The truth of this adage is proven in the way our plans turned out. Our orchard provided us a wealth of fruit in season, and the storage place under the kitchen was full of fruit, potatoes, and other vegetables. We usually ate well. Then Louisa and the girls would can all sorts of fruit, dry green beans and corn for winter, and fill stone jars with pickles and apple butter. We continued to raise our own meat and were well-enough off to have white flour for biscuits and cakes. Many mornings we would breakfast on ham and biscuits with apple butter or sometimes a young squirrel or rabbit.

Three years after the typhoid fever, spring came early with lots of rain. The mountains were a glory of bloom with dogwood, redbud, and service berries. Grass seemed to spring up everywhere. Along in April, the clouds that had brought the early showers gave place to great black rolls of threatening thundercaps. There were rumors of tornadoes over in the Indian Nations - those lands that joined Arkansas on the west. As our place was somewhat protected on the west by the bluff of the mountain, we considered ourselves fairly safe from storms. Having never been close to where a tornado had crossed the land until we came to the mountains, we were ignorant of the antics of these storms. But once, a couple of years before, a windstorm had blown down and tangled up a lot of growth in our timber. Generally, though, we felt safe.

One evening towards the end of April we had a few showers with some thunder and lightning and a rather lively breeze. About sundown the sky took on a sickly, yellowish hue and the air became very warm and oppressive. That night was stormy with much lightning. Louisa and I slept restlessly and about midnight she roused me, saying that the lightning was terrible in the southwest and the thunder boomed continuously. I looked out the window at a wall of lightning across the horizon, and a cannonade of thunder such as I had never heard before seemed to be drawing rapidly nearer. I told Louisa I thought it was a tornado headed our way. She

gathered the children into the living room and had them all sit on the featherbed, for she heard that feathers provided protection from lightning. Meanwhile, the storm approached with the speed of an express train. I put my weight against the door which faced the approaching storm and tried to hold it from blowing open. Through the window I could see the young peach trees close to the house bend over nearly to the ground for a moment. The thought crossed my mind that the storm had passed. A wall of fog or cloud now shut off my view, and all Hell broke loose. A thousand sounds intermingled with the awful roar of the storm. The floor upon which I stood seemed literally to jump up and down for a second. Then the ripping and tearing of splitting timber blended into one awful cacophony. Afterward, I remembered one peculiar jangle among the other din. Though the storm took only a few seconds to pass, it seemed ages. A dead calm followed its passage and the scene in the glare of lightning was terrifying beyond words. I stood for several minutes, still holding the door; rather I thought I was holding it, but as I found later, had I been able to hold it shut, I would have been killed. Louisa was crying to me, and the children began to wail. Then my senses returned, and I became aware what had happened and realized the need for action. A flash of lightning revealed the bowl of a kerosene lamp lying on the floor by the stove and atop it an empty syrup bucket. I picked up the lamp bowl and put it halfway into the bucket. The bowl was unbroken and half full of oil; of course there was no chimney. Lighting the wick with a match from my pocket, I was able to see a little. By then the lightning had passed over the mountain to the east, and a sort of fog had settled, so my improvised light was indeed a godsend.

I could see that the upper part of my house had been blown off down to the square of the walls and that one end of the second floor was resting on the bed where my wife and children were. One beam, separated from the rest of the floor timbers, had landed on Billy, my second son's stomach, pushing him down into the featherbed. The slats of the bed had given way at one end, so that about half the featherbed touched the floor. Louisa and the children were sprawled in all kinds of positions, some on the floor and some on the part of the bed that had not broken down. All were in a stupor of silent terror except the two smaller ones, who were screaming in abject fright. The beam resting partially on Bill was not so heavy that Louisa and I could not lift it a little so the boy could crawl out. He was practically unhurt and begam to scramble loose as soon as we eased the beam from his stomach. We were all in such a state of shock that we moved about as in a trance. After freeing Billy, we quieted the other children, thankful that none were hurt badly. Some had scratches and bruises, but none, of course, could tell what had hit them. Some of our furniture was smashed to bits and some we never found at all. Everything in the loft above had disappeared with the wind. How fortunate that we had brought the children down from there before the storm hit, for it had made a clean sweep of the roof and the whole second-storey floor, which had fallen into the living room, onto the bed where Louisa and I slept. I should have said, partially fallen. The floor had sort of buckled in the center with one corner caught on one of the side

walls and one on the bed, with part of it projecting over the end wall where the door was which I had tried to hold shut. If I had been able to hold it, I probably would have been crushed to death. But the wind had succeeded in blowing the door full open, and one corner of the upper floor rested on top of the door. A beam sticking out from the rest of the floor must just have missed my head then come to rest on top of the half-open door, preventing the whole floor from smashing down on us.

All the destruction I have told about happened in only a few minutes, much less time than it takes to tell. Next I noticed that a big log had landed on an iron cooking pot on top of the stove, driving it clear down to the oven and smashing the whole top of the stove. So that was the jangling noise I remembered hearing.

Ordinarily, a few minutes after a tornado had passed near us, a terrible cloudburst of rain and hail followed. Now, true to form, another cloud was approaching. Thinking we should find some sort of shelter, I remembered the hole under the kitchen floor in which we kept potatoes, fruit, etc. for the winter. The tater hole was reached by lifting a section of the kitchen floor, which now lay slanted down over it like a sort of shed roof. I crawled back under this and found I could lift the lid. We all scrambled down in there - a space about five feet square where, like sardines in a tin, we were safe from the hailstones as big as baseballs, the rain, the lightning, the thunder, and the wind of this second storm. By the time it was over, we emerged from the wreckage and beheld a scene of utter ruin. All the outbuildings were gone. The ground where the chicken house had stood was swept clean, with no chickens in sight, of course. The barn was gone except for the two or three big stones on which the bottom logs had rested.

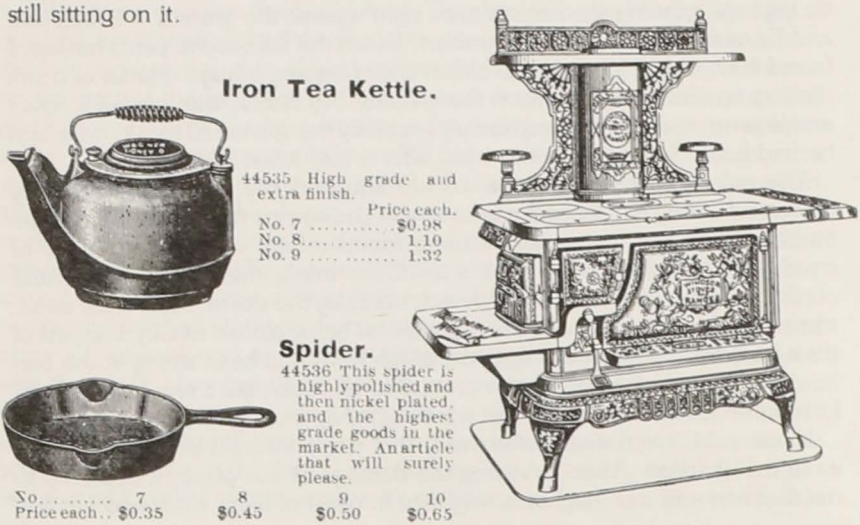
Wondering about my horses and oxen, I went down the hill where I thought I heard a horse neigh. There stood one horse, still tied to the big beam which held up the feed trough, to which the horse had been tied, the tie log rope pinning the horse's nose right against the ground. I untied him and he ambled off, apparently unhurt. Down the hill several yards further, I found his mate. A big tree had blown down leaving a huge splinter of trunk sticking up about ten feet from the ground. My horse, with his back down and legs up, was dead, completely pierced by the splintered trunk, on which he had been deposited by the wind after it had felled the tree.

The oxen and milk cows we did not find until the next day when they came wandering in. We had one sow with young pigs running at large in the timber. They, too, were safe, having found refuge under some ledge of overhanging rocks where sows sometimes made their beds. We found chickens here and there along the path made by the storm. Most were dead, some crippled, and others unhurt except for being almost wholly stripped of their feathers. Some of the eggs on which hens had been sitting in the hen house we found smashed on the ground or on rocks, but a few had evidently been let down so easy by the wind that they were unbroken.

It was odd, we thought afterward, that none thought of breakfast, not even the children. After surveying the damage at our place, it occurred to me that some of our neighbors might be in need of help, since two families

lived northeast of us in the direction the storm had taken. One was Lige's family. The older boys and I worked our way through fallen trees and twisted vines to the bluff of the mountain where the path beneath was practically clear of debris, the storm having jumped over the area close to the face of the mountain. We followed the path to Lige's place, where a similar scene of havoc awaited us. The house had been torn to pieces and partly blown away. The roof, along with the upper loft floor, had completely disappeared. Later we found it smashed against some tree snags a quarter a mile away. Lige and Cindy hardly talked to us. All of their family had escaped unharmed as though some unseen hand had protected their bodies from the fury of the storm. In the center of the living room floor sat a chair whose back had been broken off some time before. On this chair was completely balanced one of the thirty-foot house logs. The storm had let it down so easy that the chair was not crushed to the floor. This chair had been made of mountain hickory and oak by some artisan of the mountains in years past. Such chairs had seats made with split strips peeled from hickory saplings in the spring when the sap was up, making the whole piece able to withstand almost any stress. Cindy said that she had been sitting on this chair as the storm approached, nursing their youngest child. One of the older children in the next room had cried out with fright because of the din of the storm. So she had taken the baby and gone to comfort her other child just as the storm struck. She had been hit by something against her legs, and knocked to the floor. She was not badly hurt and had clung desperately to the babe in her arms.

Most of their furniture had been smashed to smithereens, or blown clear away by the storm. Luckily, their huge stone flue, which had been laid with clay for mortar, had fallen away from the floor of the house. (Our flue, laid up with lime, still stood.) A cookstove, which they had purchased a few years back, unlike ours was intact with an iron skillet and an iron tea-kettle still sitting on it.



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	Price each.
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No.	7	8	9	10
Price each	$0.35	$0.45	$0.50	$0.65

After spending some time at Lige's place, we went to our next neighbor on the bench, a lawyer from New York State. Having saved a little money, he had built this two-story brick house overlooking the valley, where he lived with his wife and maiden daughter, a heavyset woman of some forty years. He had passed through this region as a Yankee soldier in the Civil War and had been encamped there for a few days after the battle of Pea Ridge. He had retained the memory of the beautiful hills and determined one day to build a home here to spend his last days.

Lige and his oldest boys accompanied us to the Montgomery place. The house had been built with the hallways through the lower floor, a stairway to the floor above, and another hall through that opening to the bedrooms on either side. The storm had ripped away the whole south half of the house, including the large south porch, taking the stairs with it. It was nearly nine o'clock in the morning when we arrived, yet we saw nor heard no one. The possibility occurred to us that they were buried in the bricks and ruins of the south part of the house. Anyway, I started to call out, and after a couple of yells the doors of two bedrooms on the upper floor opened almost at the same time. In one stood the daughter in her nightdress, and in the other stood Montgomery wearing a nightcap and a long gown reaching down to his heels. His white mustache and his long white hair sticking out from under his nightcap gave him a wild, eerie look. He rested one hand on either side of the door casing and for a full minute stood transfixed as a statue. Then seeing us, he let out a yell, "Ed, what in hell has been going on here?" They had slept through the entire uproar of the storm. He told me afterwards that some time in the night he had dreamed of being in one of the old battles of the war but had not awakened. Neither his wife nor his daughter had had the least intimation that anything extraordinary was taking place. Our next task was clear - to get the three of them down out of there.

A couple of the boys went to get a ladder which Montgomery said was in the barn (which, along with all the other buildings, was undamaged) while the Montgomerys retired to dress. Then they climbed to the ground, repeating "Well, I'll just be damned," over and over again. When they got over their first chagrin at their loss, Mrs. Montgomery asked how we had fared the storm. When we explained our situations, she said we all just had to come and stay there until we could arrange other shelter. They had three large rooms left downstairs, and three up, and the boys and girls could bunk up in two different rooms upstairs while we four older folks could sleep downstairs. In the midst of these plans it occurred to her that none of us had had any breakfast, so she went about preparing food while we gathered up our families. Though this looked like an imposition of the first magnitude, Lige and I accepted the offer since the Montgomerys would have it no other way.

After our late breakfast we all went back to see what we could salvage out of the ruins. A few articles of furniture were found intact - some in the brush and some several feet above ground lodged in trees, which had not been blown down. Nearly everything was damaged to some extent. To our astonishment we found some china dishes that were not broken while some

tin pans and kettles had been smashed flat. After we had gathered up all we could find, we piled it up under the slanting roof over the "tater hole". My horse that had not been killed following us everywhere, apparently believing that our presence somehow would protect him from another storm.

The next day I went into Winslow where I found a house for rent into which I moved what belongings we had gathered up. We hitched the oxen to my wagon, which the storm had spared, and hauled the stuff to Winslow, then spent the night at the Montgomery place. The next day Louisa and I drove the oxen to Fayetteville and bought enough secondhand furniture and bedding to serve our immediate needs for $150. We had to spend a little more of our savings of about $300 for groceries. We got back to Winslow that night, very tired from our twenty-five mile trip over the rough mountain roads and the shopping around. But we all went to work, tired or not, and by midnight we had things in good enough shape to spend the night there. We paused about nine o'clock, ate some food we had got in town which did not require cooking, then went back to work again.

The next day I drove to Lige's place where they were packing what few possessions they had salvaged into boxes. When I asked what they were going to do, he told me that he was leaving the mountains forever; that Cindy was too discouraged to try rebuilding their home here; that they had wired Cindy's brother over in the Indian Territory where he ran a store (a sort of trading post). The brother and his wife were getting along in years and needed someone to help. Although they had planned never to leave their home in the mountains, Cindy just could not look upon the destruction and contemplate all the hard work ahead of them if they stayed. Lige had already sold what lifestock he had left to a trader in Winslow and had made arrangements with the trader to sell the land for him.

The next day I hauled their goods to the depot, and they stayed that night with us to be ready to get on the train early next morning. Louisa and I went to the station with them and said our goodbyes with warm handshakes and the tears of the two sisters. We had been through many hardships together and until this moment of separation had not quite realized how close we had become. Now many years have passed and we have not seen them, but we do hear from time to time how things are going for them.

After Lige's family left, somehow we just had a feeling of utter loneliness and despair. I would go out to my place and look about and come away so terribly blue and discouraged. I would keep going back and returning every evening more depressed. One evening after the children had gone to bed, Louisa came out to where I was sitting on the back doorstep with my head in my hands brooding, as had become my habit. She laid her hand on my shoulder and told me to move over and make room for her. She sat down beside me and began to caress my head, saying nothing for a long while. Then she began to talk. She said I would have to snap out of it and quit brooding, that I had a living to make for the children and her, that I was not alone in my loss, that she, too, had lain awake nights feeling that the loss of all that we had counted on was more than she could bear. Yet nothing could shake her Christian faith. She told me that early yesterday morning she had

gotten up and come outside to sit alone and unhappy where we were sitting now. Then the rays of the rising sun came over the mountains to the east, and in the glorious surnrise she experienced again the same feeling that had come upon her once before when, during the typhoid sickness, she had almost lost hope. She reminded me that we had come through that trial without losing a child and that none of us had been killed or badly hurt by the tornado, though we heard and read of others in its path who were not so fortunate. She sat there talking until midnight, when slowly my hand and arm stole around her waist, and, as I drew her to me, I sensed all that she had been through in our wedded life and recalled that she had never given me a word of discouragement or recrimination. It all swept over me like a flood that I had always felt sorry for myself in time of trouble and given very little thought to what she might be suffering. I knew then how wonderful she

Louisa Icenogle with four of her youngest children.

had been all these years and tried to tell her how I felt. For the first time since I was a child I broke down and wept in choking gasps. She sat close to me and patted my head, trying to sooth me as she would a sobbing child. She said, "There, now, everything is going to be all right. We still have our love that has held fast through everything." After a while we arose and went silently to bed. Louisa dropped off to sleep at once with a sigh, it seemed to me, of content. But I lay a long time before I could sleep, remembering the years we had been man and wife and how she had always helped and encouraged me.

We were awakened by the children's noise, and the sun, already high over the mountains was melting away the night mists. Beholding its glory, I

felt uplifted in the way Louisa had told me about. Since then we have had many ups and downs, but never since had I had such an awful feeling of depression settle over me as I had after that storm.

Now we made up our minds to start a new life in a different place. I had some money laid by for a "rainy day" and I sold the old place for four hundred dollars. I knew of a farm for rent in the White River valley. The owner was old and wanted to dispose of it, but not having found a buyer, he decided to rent it out on shares. After looking it over, I agreed to it with one-third of the crop going to the landlord and two-thirds to me.

Four of my boys were young men by now and willing to work the farm for their board and a certain share of the crop. This arrangement freed me to a certain extent to work at my trades of masonry and carpentry. I sold my oxen, which were all right for timber hauling, but too slow for farm work. I bought four teams of horses, harness, plows, and cultivators at reasonable prices by attending farm auctions. As soon as we got possession in October, we all went to work. There were about two hundred acres of good level valley land to cultivate, and extending up a hillside near the house were fifty acres of pasture good enough to keep a few milk cows and their calves.

Along with our wonderful crops the first year, I received a contract for the stone masonry foundation of a large schoolhouse being built in nearby Durham. This was several months work, as the stone, quarried from a nearby ledge of rock, all had to be dressed by the mason. The second year we were on this place twin girls were born to us, making our total twelve besides the infant son who had died and was buried back in Illinois. Louisa and I love children, and though we could not give them very much in formal education, we taught them to fear God and walk uprightly before Him. By now our two oldest girls were married to good, hardworking God-fearing men. Even with this large brood, we had always had enough to eat (although sometimes it was plain fare) and had shelter, even right after the tornado. Louisa and I had both been raised in pioneer homes where lux-

almost unknown and where hard labor was necessary to provide the simplest needs of life. Yet we did not feel forsaken in our hardships but were ever thankful to be together and near our children.

So we prospered well our first two years in our new life in the White River valley. But the fall of 1900 was very dry. Here the farmers always had depended on winter wheat for pasture. This year the wheat grew very slowly, and by spring was only two or three inches tall. Usually by Christmas the wheat was lush and green and had to be pastured to keep it from jointing too early and being injured by late spring frosts. Wheat will stand very cold weather until the grain stems start; then it becomes susceptible to frost damage. Thus, in the southern states it is pastured to hold back the growth until frost is not likely, supplying in this way succulent forage through the winter when other feed is scarce. But this year the wheat found just enough moisture to sprout up, and when the Hessian fly (which preys on winter wheat) attacked the puny plants, they had so little substance by mid-March that the crop was entirely ruined.

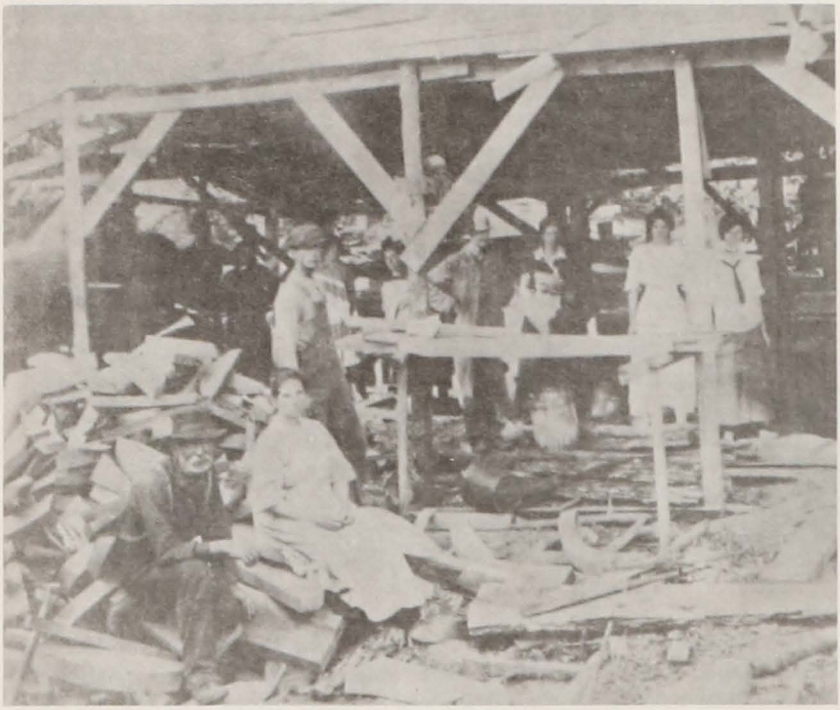
After cultivating the dead wheat under, we planted the land to corn, hoping the drouth would be broken by March and April rains, but day after day went by with only a very few showers, seldom enough even to allay the dust. After each little sprinkle the dry wind would blow steadily from the southwest for days. Again, there was just enough moisture to sprout the corn, and when it was only a few inches high, hordes of grasshoppers came in, leaving no green thing growing. Then the days grew hotter and the whirlwinds blew across the bare fields, picking up swirls of dust which penetrated everywhere. People suffered from "dust colds" that in some cases turned into pneumonia.

The only creature to benefit from these whirlwinds were the turkey buzzards. A whirlwind is a spiral only a few feet in diameter at ground level, where it spins very rapidly, but as much as a quarter of a mile in diameter at the top, a half mile above the ground where the velocity is much slower. The buzzards would take advantage of this vast, slow whirl, sailing round and round on its momentum and looking for small dead animals below to devour. I have often wondered whether they did not sometimes go around on the air current just for the ride.

That year, much livestock, as well as wild creatures, died from heat and from starvation, and became food for vultures. We fed our stock by purchasing prairie hay - wild grasses that had grown up the year before and been shipped in to us by rail from Oklahoma. We were more fortunate than many of our neighbors. Having worked at many trades, I taught my sons also that the more arts one acquires, the more likely he is to find employment when jobs are scarce. Now, the whole family went into the timber business, both cutting the logs and transporting them to market with our own teams. By taking every opportunity offered, we weathered the drouth without losing or having to sell our livestock for little or nothing as many did. Holding their animals on short rations and hoping for a favorable change in the weather, many received very little for their pitifully thin animals.

As the days passed, the winds blew hotter and hotter with temperatures

up to 120 degrees in the shade, which nothing could have survived had it not been for the low humidity. The timber on the mountains suffered also. The oaks and maples colored as though they had been nipped by frost, and many of the softwoods died. We had no relief from the heat and drouth until December when the rains came at last. Pessimistically, everyone looked for the customary severe storms whenever the drouth was broken, but the rain came gentle at first and we sowed wheat again, which thrived as never before. Later on, however, the rains became cloudbursts, drowning some stock and often people in the rapidly rising streams. Finally, Nature decided to bless the earth again and that year of 1902 we had better crops than ever before. Some who had left their hilltop farms in search of employment drifted back again and settled back into their old homes and old routine of life before the drouth. But many of the young folks who had found jobs in the cities left the hills forever.



Lower left foreground is John Ed Icenogle with his wife beside him at a sawmill set-up somewhere near Prairie Grove.

After this, we never depended altogether on farming again. The value of timber products was enhanced as good times returned to the cities. We purchased a sawmill and moved it from place to place, cutting over one area then moving on to another. My sons and I still worked on the farm, but when the farm work was slack we were always out in the timber lands. And

in spite of our hardships and adversities among these hills, we all loved them.

Now after many years, the ways of making a living in the hills have changed. Most of the better timber has been cut away and many of the small bench farms have eroded until they have become forever unfit for tillage. Former roads have become deep gullies whose bottoms are covered with large boulders so that a stranger would think they were a natural stream bed and always have been. Now I am getting too old to work as hard as I used to, and Louisa and I take life easier. Since our sons' families live nearby I do lots of repair work on their wagons and farm machinery, file their saws, and help out in other ways. But when the long, hot afternoons come, Louisa and I sit here in the shade on the big porch and talk of our years together, of our love, of our faith in the Almighty which sustained us in hardship and disappointment. Here in this Prairie Grove valley we can still watch the sun burst forth in the morning over the misty hills - the promise of a new day. Sometimes we watch it go down behind the hills toward what we used to call the Indian Nations, and as it tints all with the reds, yellows, and purples of its departing rays, she still puts her arm across my shoulders as she did so many years ago in Winslow after the tornado had swept away our hopes. And as we watch the last glow on the hills, an indescribable thrill flows through me

A sawmill at Greasy Valley; pictured, left to right, Carl, Grandma Louise, Stewart, Buelah Hall with husband, Bill Hall; Sawyer Ramon, Pearl, Goldie, Sylvia and Elizabeth Icenogle.

and I know by that pressure on my shoulders that she, too, feels the same emotion.

No, I will not leave the hills now; we are content here. When we cross the Great Divide to a different and fairer land, I hope we'll find in the Eternal Hills a perfect beauty and sanctuary such as these have provided for us here. Sometimes when neighbors stop by for a chat or to spend the night, we recall the house-raisings, the butcherings, the welcoming of newcomers. We agree we would not want to move to the fairest of cities to spend our last years. When we tell our experience to visitors from the North who come here to spend their vacations, they ask, "Why do you love a land that has been so hard on you?" We find it impossible to give them a reason; nevertheless, we do love it with all our hearts.

(Note by Elmer Icenogle who wrote down these memories: After many years I went back to these mountains when many changes had occurred. Uncle Ed and Aunt Louisa were buried in the little cemetery west of Prairie Grove. Their family was scattered - some in New Mexico, some in California, others still in the valley. Two of the girls live with their husbands in the little town of Lincoln, west of Prairie Grove. One son was on Cane Hill, a village where the university had been burned down by Kansas Jayhawkers who raided southern Missouri and Arkansas during the Civil War. All had ceased to work either forest or farm.

During the first World War, the saw timber had all been cut from the mountains, then the charcoal burners had come in and stripped off the rest. There being no forest service in that area then, fire had burned off the residue of dead branches left by the loggers and the small brush that had sprouted from the stumps. Years of drouth in the thirties drove out the people who had barely eked out their living on the small farms, and erosion, taking advantage of man's nearsightedness in stripping the mountains, washed great quantities of shale rock and other infertile debris onto the fertile valley land below.

At this writing, the government has taken most of these abandoned lands for forest preserves, and fire watchtowers are seen on many a mountaintop. Prosperity in the North has sent tourists to the hills, and these still quiet valleys are traversed by modern highways along the bubbling streams that lead to great reservoirs which impound the water for flood protection, power and recreation.

Those who first settled these hills are sleeping in the small mountain cemeteries, where in the springtime the redbuds, service berries and dogwoods still send forth their exquisite beauty, where the trees are growing again, and where the autumn frosts still turn the oaks, the maples, and the elms into vistas of glorious color. Because the early frosts are light, the leaves remain long on the trees. The sunbursts still enlighten the mornings. The lightning still flashes about the mountain tops, and the thunder still rolls among the hills, as it has done for ages on end. Visitors by the thousands

come at all seasons to get away from their cares. Luxurious homes and resorts have sprung everywhere - some nestled away in a remote valley, others on the hilltops. These are a different race of men and women who have never known the difficult life of the hardy people who first settled these hills.

In the autumn evenings the faraway baying of "coon dogs" and the lonely hoot of owls, the crying of bullbats can still be heard. The moon still rises over the top of the Pinnacle in Prairie Grove valley and lightens the top of Stevenson mountain with its silvery beams. The mists still roll from the hills in the morning and form the little white clouds that rise like forms of cannon smoke from the valleys. The 'possums still feed on the pawpaws and persimmons every fall. The old stone fence at the foot of the mountain, built by "nigger" labor before the Civil War or by whites working for forty cents a day just after the war, are still there. On sunny days the diamond-back rattler, the copperhead, and the cottonmouth still hang from the crevices of the old sandrock walls and slither back into the interstices that have long been their homes, whenever a man approaches. And among the dead leaves can be heard the tread, tread of the dry land terrapin seeking his daily provender of insects.

Do the sons of modern progress who hurry and scurry on their freeways have the down-to-earth solidness of the mountaineers who preceded them and the contentment in their busy life the others found in their primitive ways, in their faith in themselves and in their God? Time moves irrevocably onward, and what will these hills be like in the next century? I am sure of one thing: if Uncle Ed and Aunt Louisa could come back today, they would miss the friendly calls of their neighbors and the long evenings by a roaring fire in the big fireplace, the older boys and girls swinging to the sounds of a fiddle and the call of "Do-si-do and around we go" to the tune of "Turkey in the Straw" or "Old Dan Tucker." Yes, they would not fit into today's way of life.)

55668

55669

55668 Decorated Stand Lamp, metal foot, Japan finish, colored center and crystal glass fount, complete, with No. 2 Sun burner, chimney and fancy Japanese paper dome shade; height to top of chimney, 21 inches. Price.....$0.85

55669 Crystal Glass Stand Lamp; neat, plain pattern. We keep three sizes.
19 inches high to top of chimney, and trimmed with No. 2 burner, chimney and wick, complete. Price..... .35
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55670 Crystal Glass Stand Lamp has clinch collar put on under several hundred pounds pressure; no cement or plaster clinched on collars, never come off, and the process of putting them on breaks all the imperfect lamps, consequently a clinch collar lamp is superior and safer than those having collars put on with plaster paris.
19 inches high to top of chimney and trimmed with number 2 burner; chimney and wick, complete. Price.....$0.45
18 inches high to top of chimney and trimmed with number 2 burner; chimney and wick, complete. Price.....$0.37
16 inches high to top of chimney and trimmed with number 1 burner; chimney and wick, complete. Price.....$0.30

Jerry Risley of Lincoln submitted this photograph taken ca 1903-1904. It shows school membership at Cane Hill College at that time. Miss Nannie Roberts of Pea Ridge is the teacher seated on bench. Denton Woods was

the principal and George Woods a teacher then. Your editor challenges you avid readers of FLASHBACK to help us identify some the students. We'll be happy to publish any and all recognitions claimed.

OUR BAPTIST HERITAGE

In Northwest Arkansas

by Lloyd O. Warren

Following the establishment of Washington County in 1828, it was not long until the early settlers went about organizing churches to extend their faith into the developing territory. Existing records show that a baptist church was established near Wedington and a second on the Middle Fork of White River by 1831. Apparently the organization of churches did not keep pace with the influx of settlers in the 1830's and 40's, nearly half of whom came from Tennessee. Too, the baptist churches that were established were, in the main, not strongly oriented toward mission programs. Many communities were destitute of spiritual leaders because there just wasn't an adequate number of ordained ministers to address the needs of the newly developing area. Correspondence from settlers in Northwest Arkansas frequently implored minsters fom Tennessee and other states to come to the area for the purpose of organizing and pastoring churches in Northwest Arkansas.

By the mid-1840's, there was a noticeable increase in the number of baptist ministers and churches and a developing missionary spirit was evident. However, for some reason the city of Fayetteville, the county seat and major commercial center, lacked a church of the baptist faith. Individuals who lived in or near Fayetteville placed their membership in churches established in the satellite communities, going by horseback or horse-drawn conveyance to attend scheduled services. Fayetteville was evidently a lusty but fertile community in which an evangelist could work. The following communication from R.C. Hill, of Washburn's Prairie, Missouri, appeared in *The Tennessee Baptist*, March 16, 1848.

..."about the middle of Dec. (1847) bro. Israel Robords, a Baptist of our School, came from Bates Co. Mo, to Richland in Arkansas, after preaching to a large church of anti-baptists 4 or 5 day's they closed the doors against him (for the odium of missionary was attached to him.) (sic) He then went to Fayetteville, a town fraught with infidelity. He commenced preaching only of nights in the Methodist Church-house, ...the meeting became so interesting that it continued every day and night for almost four weeks. ...seventy six were happily converted to the faith, including the most intelligent and influential citizens of the place, all except one of the resident lawyers, believed but none were baptized, for there was no baptist church in the place. I went to the meeting two days before it closed, heard Bro. Robords preach,...

He preached fifty sermons during the meeting; this is sowing the seed in order...the Cumberland and Methodist brethern deserve our gratitude for their friendship and kindness during the meeting. The whole town was like a family of brothers, all doors open to entertain those from a distance."

While this evangelistic endeavor did not lead immediately to the organization of a baptist church in Fayetteville, without a doubt it provided a nucleus of converts who later became members of the Fayetteville Missionary Baptist Church. In the meantime, in October, 1848, Mt. Zion Baptist Church was organized. This church was located about three miles south of the Black Oak community southeast of Fayettteville (see Flashback 20 (4):19-26. Nov. 1970), and was mission oriented. Mt. Zion Baptist Church cooperated with the Mt. Zion Association of Baptist Churches. This association was organized in 1840 by churches encompassing an area from Southwest Missouri to West Central Arkansas. Because of the travel modes of the times, close and frequent fellowship between the churches was not possible.

About 1850, a new settler and ordained minister C.H. Bootright, moved into the Brush Creek community of Madison County. In 1852 he was elected pastor of the Mt. Zion church where he became associated with leaders such as John Mayes, T.B. Van Horne, D. Howery and R.L. Baker. Evidently there was a zeal for a much stronger mission effort and also for a closer-knit fellowship among the churches for in 1853 the Mt. Zion church initiated action resulting in the organization of the Fayetteville United Baptist Association, October, 1853. The following account of this action written by Elder Bootright, is taken from *The Tennessee Baptist*, V.10, March 25, 1854. He states:

"The association's bounds, to which I belonged, covered such an extent of territory, that some of its Southern churches petitioned for letters of dismission to organize one less extensive for convenience. Accordingly on the last day of September and first of October last (1853) nine churches met in convention and formed a new association called the Fayetteville United Baptist Association, having in their body 333 communicants at the time of her organization. Seven of the churches came off by letter from the Mt. Zion Association; part of her churches are in Southwestern Missouri. The newly formed association is purely missionary, as may be seen by her minutes."

One of the first actions of the new association was the designation of C.H. Bootright as missionary. The new association also subscribed to the principals of the White River Arkansas Baptist Convention. The following is Elder Bootright's report to the Fifth Convention of the W.R.A. Convention meeting in Batesville, November 10, 1984.

Madison County, Ark., Oct. 31st 1854.

To the W.R.A. Convention, when met on Friday, preceeding the second Sabbath in Nov., 1854.

Your Missionary for the Fayetteville Association, in N.W. Arkansas humbly sheweth in a summary view, of the Labors done during the seven months under appointment from the Convention.

The first quarter's report made to the Corresponding Secretary, will show 23 sermons preached, 4 exhortations, prayer made with 34

families, 200 families visited, special conversations held with 42 persons, 4 churches visited, the Lord's Supper administered to one of them; 1 Sabbath school organized, one church organized, travelled 1139 miles.

The 2nd quarter reported as above, is 32 sermons, baptized 12 persons, delivered 1 address and 4 exhortations, 3 churches visited, and administered the Lord's Supper to two of them, aided in the organization of 2 churches, 18 persons professed faith in Christ at the meetings I attended: 1 received by letter, visited 6 stations, took up a collection for the Convention at the Mt. Zion Association and delegates expenses to Convention, amount $6.80; my people having paid me $4.75, (and since 50 cents); 161 families visited, with the most of whom special religious conversation was held, 38 individuals was especially conversed with, prayer made with 9 families, and 784 miles traveled.

Since the close of the 2nd quarter I have preached 25 sermons, delivered 7 exhortations, baptized 5, visited 62 families, administered the Lord's Supper to one of the newly organized churches, organized 1 church, visited and preached at 8 other stations, witnessed the professed conversion of 4 persons, and traveled 455 miles. Making in total, 80 sermons preached, 15 exhortations, 423 families visited, 86 persons very specially conversed with, 7 churches visited, assisted in administering the Lord's Supper to 5 churches. One Sabbath school organized, 4 churches organized, 17 baptized, 20 received by letter, prayer with 49 families, and preached at 14 stations faith in Christ at the meetings I attended. Received $5.25 from my people, gave 91 volumes and 2521 pages of tracts, and traveled 2278 miles. For the performance of the submitted report, I thank God.

All the churches organized with my assistance, are in a locality in a hopeful condition, situated in an intelligent community, with a dense population around them, and where Baptist principles are evidently advancing over the strong holds of Pedo Hierarchy. Two of the churches had in their organization an ordained Minister and Deacon constituent members. One in the vicinity of Fayetteville organized in August with 9 members, 5 males, and 4 females; Elder T.B. Van Horn, its Minister and member, who is teacher in the Arkansas College at Fayetteville, Professor of Languages, and John Mayes Deacon and Licentiate. They will no doubt be instrumental in rearing a large church there, to the praise of Christ.

One organized in July, in Crawford City, had Elden A. Cartwright, and Deacon A.L. Orich constituents, eleven joined by baptism while I tarried and they were still on the increase two weeks past.

The Church organized in the S.W. of Washington county, has had six accessions, having in all 14 members. She has an intelligent and devoted Deacon, J.W. Green, but no Minister; though one of her members expresses himself called to the work of the Ministry, but is almost wholly without education, he manifests a burning constant zeal for the salvation of sinners, but he cannot be profitable where he is, unless he can be educated; his name is Joseph A. Land, Evansville, P.O. Washington County, Ark., he is married and has three or four children. The church is

in the midst of a Pedo community, who are beginning to prop themselves and cause, fearing that the few Baptist will demolish their strong holds — God will plead his own cause and if that church is regularly fed with the sincere milk of the word, she is bound to occupy a stand among the popular and influential churches of N.W. Arkansas.

The 4th and last church was organized on the 20th of this month, with but four members, in Ozark, Franklin county, on the Arkansas River in the Court House - when organized and the offer of membership was tendered to the audience, the young persons, children of one of the fathers and mothers just organized in the church capacity, presented themselves, and by relating the work of Grace of their hearts, were admitted to the ordinance of Baptism next morning, in the presence of the citizens and vicinity of Ozark, a new scene in that place by a Missionary Baptist; all seemed deeply interested, and the next morning I baptized another at the same place with an increased interest, leaving the new interest with eight promising members. In that region of country the Pedoes are immersing quite a number of their members. Does not that fact with many others call loudly to the Ministers and Churches to stir themselves in diffusing light? Surely if all were to come to the help of the Lord, the mighty in error would give back, and the Lord would be more abundantly glorified.

But we are too young or tender-footed as yet to come up like a man in this portion of Arkansas. Still I rejoice to see the darkness receding, and a greater oneness of mind in the churches and associations, and I hope the day is not far distant, when the churches will not only admit the propriety of sending out and sustaining Missionaries, but will have a mind to work — all of them. Then, and not till then, can all the destitute in N.W. Arkansas be supplied. For what I have done can scarcely be seen by a common eye, where there is so much want everywhere to be seen. Those who stay about their farms, cannot nor will not believe the call is as great on them to preach the Gospel to the destitute as those who mingle in the different neighborhoods, and listen to the many pathetic appeals to come and he, must feel. I know these things; and am willing, as far as I can, to cover those deficiencies with the veil of charity, and with the Prophet, wish my eyes were a fountain, to drop over the apathy of God's people on this great and interesting truth.

I have been blessed with an unexpected share of health during the present year, though, I have been once compelled to stop and nurse up, after an attack of summer sickness of about two weeks.

I make this report to the last of October, but intend not to count any longer time than to our District Association, embracing the last day of September last, which only makes in all, till that time, 28 weeks of labor performed as Missionary.

My churches that called me into the work has only paid me the sum before named, and what they will hereafter do I cannot tell. As the times has closed down so sudden upon us all in this section, that but few are exempt from its pressure. But I perhaps, am less disappointed, than others would have been under different circumstances. I have done all

that I have done as unto the Lord, not for what was expected by way of remuneration, but to open the way for others, that a greater and more lasting good might be realized. Which I sincerely hope will be. Knowing that my age admonishes me, that the time of my sojourn here is short; and if I could see Zion prospering as God has made it her privilege to do, I could like Simeon, depart in peace, because the visible Salvation of God was seen in Zion. May God add many souls to your Works and Labors of Love is the prayer of your Brother in Christ.

C.H. Bootright, Missionary."

Considering the primitive road system and the mode of travel (i.e. no railroads, buses, cars, or planes) that characterized the 1850's, this is a remarkable report. Major important actions included the organization of the four churches, one in the area of Fayetteville, one near Evansville, the third in Crawford County and lastly a church in Ozark, Arkansas.

A review of the events as recorded in the documents available indicate that the church Elder Bootright organized "near Fayetteville" is the church now known as The First Baptist Church of Fayetteville. The August, 1854 minutes of the Mt. Zion church show the dismissal of John, William, Sarah and Martha Mayes, to join a church elsewhere. The published history of the First Baptist church (originally called the Fayetteville Missionary Baptist Church) lists nine charter members, five males and four females. This, plus identities given in these records are fully in agreement confirming that the First Baptist Church was actually organized in August, 1854, in the home of John Mayes who lived about "two miles south of Fayetteville." Soon after the organization of the Fayetteville Missionary Baptist Church Elder Bootright requested release from his assignment as "riding missionary". He continued to serve as pastor of various churches in the area but due to health reasons was compelled to relinquish these duties in 1860. Bootright was born in 1797, in Virginia, was ordained as a minister in Anderson County, Tennessee, before coming to Arkansas in 1850. During the 17 years he lived in Northwest Arkansas, he contributed greatly to the growth of the Baptist churches of the area.

Following the division of the Mt. Zion Association, the parent association apparently did not recover from the loss of churches to the Fayetteville United Baptist Association. There was an intermingling of the pastoral leadership across associational lines which led the two groups to consider amalgamation. This action was approved at the Eighth Annual Session of the Fayetteville United Baptist Association held at Salem Church, Crawford County, October 5-6, 1860. The Mt. Zion Association, meeting at Pond Spring Church, Benton County, October 12-14, 1860, gave approval to the amalgamation. The two groups united under the name "Northwestern Arkansas Missionary Baptist Association". At the time of union The Fayetteville United Baptist Association had a fellowship of 22 churches. The largest were Pleasant Grove (80) in Benton County and Mt. Zion (78) in Washington County. The Mt. Zion Association

included 6 churches, the largest were Sugar Creek (102), and Antioch (63), both in Benton County.

The Civil War began soon after the forming of the Northwestern Arkansas Missionary Baptist Associatiom. The association met with Mt. Vernon church (Habberton) east of Fayetteville in 1862 but no minutes were published. The third session met in October, 1866 at Friendship Baptist church near Springdale. In spite of the ravages of the war just ended 17 churches were represented with a total of 514 members. No further records of this association have been found. Apparently in 1867-1868, the association dissolved and the churches joined the Bentonville Baptist Association since the minutes of the Fifth Annual session (1868) lists the churches formerly in the Northwest Missionary Baptist Association. Once more the association encompassed a large area of Northwest Arkansas which made difficult a strong fellowship among all the churches. Accordingly, four districts were formed but this arrangement was not to last for long. In the Eighth Annual Session of the Bentonville Association, meeting at the New Prospect Church in Benton County September 1871, a resolution was approved authorizing the dismissal of churches wishing to enter the organization of a new association. Accordingly, a convention of interested churches was called to meet at the Valley Grove Baptist Church (Elkins) November 10th, 1871. Twelve churches entered into the new association which was named the Fayetteville Baptist Association. These churches were:

New Hope
Pleasant Valley
Center Point
Sugar Hill
Mt. Vernon
Brush Creek
Viney Grove
Huntsville
Mt. Zion
St. Paul
White River
Valley Grove
Fayetteville

John Mayes, charter member of Fayetteville (First Baptist) Missionary Baptist Church was elected moderator and served in this capacity many years.

The Fayetteville Baptist Association has continued to the present (1985) but has undergone two major divisions in its 113 years. One, in 1917, when many of the larger churches chose to affiliate with the Southern Baptist Convention. This action resulted in the organization of the Washington-Madison Association affiliated with the Southern Baptist Convention. The second division occurred in September, 1951 when a majority of its churches affiliated with the Baptist Missionary Association of America. These churches organized an association also referred to as the Fayetteville Baptist Association affiliated with the Baptist Missionary Association of America. Of the original churches forming the association, Fayetteville First Baptist Church, Mt. Vernon, Huntsville, and possibly St. Paul, are still extant but no longer fellowship with the original Fayetteville Baptist Association. The others no longer exist. The Fayetteville Baptist Association in 1984 included 15 churches with a membership of ap-

proximately 1600. One should note in summary that the Mt. Zion Association formed in 1840, gave rise to at least eight other baptist associations, four of which exist in 1985. Philosophical differences contributed to the divisions but theologically there were no major doctrinal disparities. Each association had active mission porgrams in an area that is smaller than that served by the original Mr. Zion Association. As one reviews the history of Baptist in Northwest Arkansas, one cannot but admire the perseverance and dedication of the ministers who laboured under the most difficult of circumstances to establish churches, Sunday schools and educational institutions for the new settlers coming into this new state. They contributed greatly to the qualtiy of life that characterizes our society of today.

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1. Sixth Annual Session, Oct. 1868. Summary from Arkansas Baptist, 1859.
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Thistle Remind you
to send something to
FLASHBACK for Future
Publication therein.

QUERIES

Terri Brown, 2905 Eastway, Reding, CA 96002: I am researching the following names: CHANDLER, JONES, MANNON/MUNNING, PARR, PRINE, and HULTY. These people lived in either Washington and/or Crawford counties. I am also interested in any history on both Cane Hill and Blackburn, Washington County, Arkansas.

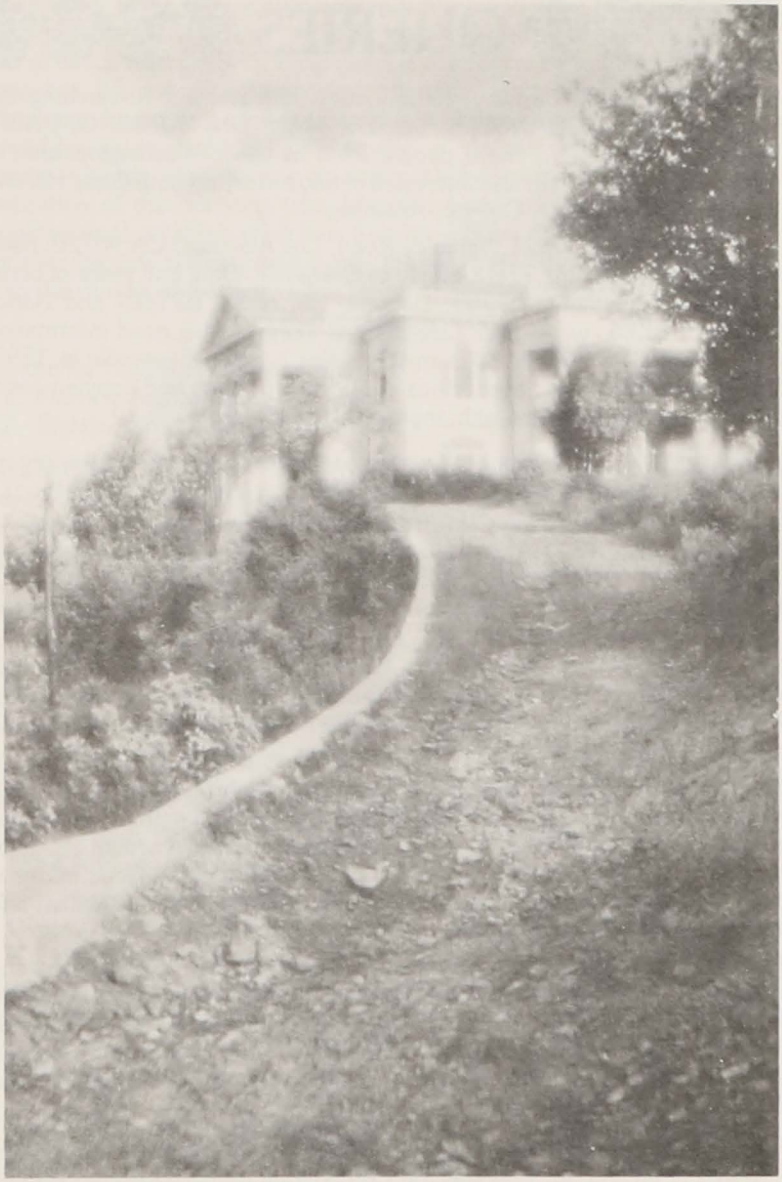
Nola Mattox Ezell, 11521 Wembley Road, Los Alamitos, CA 90720: need information on the MATTOX family of Evansville. Date and place of burial of Joseph Jonathan, b. 1869, Georgia, son of Eli TIPTON and Nancy Minerva LYLES, wife—Nola Lee Burgess Mattox. Also need information on the BURGESS family of Evansville. Was living in Evansville in 1893. Where did Green and Laura relocate? Will pay postage and copying costs. Would like to correspond with anyone researching same lines.

Robert M. or Verna S. Fuller, 11021 N.W. 114, Yukon, OK 73099: Seeking information on this family in Washington County between 1858 (maybe as early as 1851) to 1888: Wm. A. FULLER, born middle Tennessee 18 Feb. 1821, died IT. 1 Aug. 1896. Married Mary (who?) born Tennessee 1820, before 1844 in TN; moved to Franklin County, AR ca 1847. Children: Roxana, Ann, Cornelia (these three born TN); Lucinda, Ellen (these two born Franklin County, AR); Robert Charles, b. 1858, James Samuel, and J.D. (these three born Washington County, AR). Would like any information on this family, as this is as far back as we go. Perhaps Wm. A. Fuller was related to other families in this area of Arkansas? Who did the daughters marry? Dates? Any information will be greatly appreciated.

Ms. Mamie Cox Parker, 1412 S.W. 54 Street, Oklahoma City, OK 73119, a descendant of the COX and MARRS families of Washington County, has recently obtained a copy of the obituary of Alexander Marrs, editor of the *Indian Chieftain* newspaper, December 9, 1899, Vinita, I.T. Need information on Edgar C. Marrs, a Cherokee citizen, Roll No. 8534 of Vinita, I.T. about 1905. Will exchange information.

Robert Phelan, 2469 Huntsville Road, Fayetteville, AR 72701: Need any information on Benjamin HINDS, son of Levi and Hulda BYRAM Hinds. Benjamin Hinds/Hines, married Mary Ann CHILDRESS, Knox County, TN. Their oldest daughter Eliza Ann HINES, b. Knox County, TN married John KENDRICK, b. AL. Can use any help on Byram, Hinds/Hines, Childress and John Kendrick.

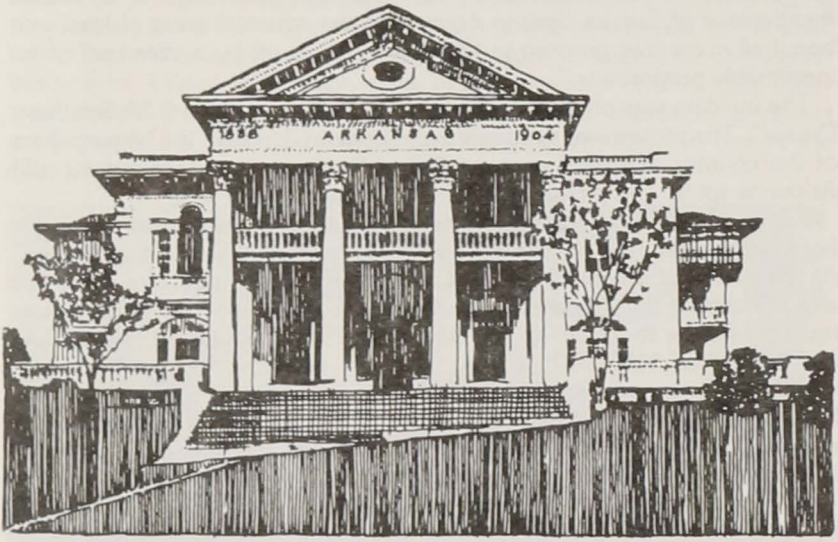
Marjorie B. Orr, 2908 Legend Road, Arlington, TX 76014: I am most interested in finding out who was the Confederate soldier related to Almeda McLAUGHLIN who is listed as a U.D.C. member in the book, "The Edmistons of Washington County, Arkansas". I also would like to contact any descendants of Henry McLaughlin and Malinda Edmiston in 1860 census of Washington County, AR with nine children, Almeda (above) being one of them.



"A Southern Dream" the photograph that won a national award for J. H. Field. It appeared in all of this country's larger papers; an artistic interpretation of A. F. Wolf's residence on Mount Nord, Fayetteville.

THE ARKANSAS BUILDING

The Arkansas Building - sketched by Kirby Estes from a photo.



(EDITOR'S NOTE: The following story was written by Kirby Estes and published in FLASHBACK in November 1974. Its republication was suggested by Olivia B. Reed who remembers seeing the house when she was a child. This seems appropriate on the 50th anniversary of the drive which attempted to save the building.)

On March 10, 1902, F.W.J. Hart, architect, completed plans for the Arkansas building at the St. Louis World's Fair, and they were accepted by the Arkansas Commissioners. The Arkansas building, it was said, would be the first building under construction.

Mr. Hart's scheme was evidently laid aside, for on May 11, 1903, the Arkansas Gazette reported that the plans of Frank W. Gibb, architect for the Arkansas building at the World's Fair at St. Louis, were accepted by the Arkansas World's Fair Commission.

The Exposition handbook described the structure as follows: "Fronting two of the prominent boulevards on the Plateau of States is the pretentious Arkansas Building, representative of the varied resources of a single commonwealth. All of the material used in the construction is a product of the state, and in its furnishings is to be found one of the finest displays of woods at the Exposition. The building covers a space 150 feet square and is surrounded by a broad veranda where tired visitors seek rest after their sightseeing, and enjoy the beauty of the gardens. Two imposing entrances of the dignified Colonial type provide access to the spacious reception halls

on the main floor. Native hardwoods are displayed in the stained oak floor which is profusely ornamented with inlaid work. The walls of the reception hall are tinted in empire green with a frieze border three feet deep. Against bits of clouds and sky, boughs of apple blossoms, the state's floral emblem are painted. Most attractive of the splendid furnishings is a marble mantlepiece of Eureka Springs onyx. Into the structure went at least one board of every tree growing in the state, topped off by a slate roof of inestimable proportions."

The building was photographed by J.H. Field, who titled it "A Southern Dream". The picture was syndicated and appeared in all of the larger papers of the country, heralded as a symbol of Southern taste, refinement and Arkansas spirit. The picture won a national award for Field.

As the close of the Exposition neared, the commission responsible for housing the Arkansas exhibits was confronted with disposing of the building. At the persistent advice of George Lake, a Fayetteville hardware merchant and member of the World's Fair Commission, Artemus Floyd Wolf submitted a bid for the structure. Wolf bought himself a fine home which originally cost more than $100,000.

A.M. Byrnes, contractor and builder, was employed to dismantle the building and reconstruct it on Mount Nord. Each piece was numbered for reassembly. It required eight freight cars to transport the material from St. Louis to Fayetteville.

The Fort Smith News Record of September 19, 1905 reported: "The opening of the Arkansas Building last Tuesday marked an epoch in social life of this classic city. Several hundred of Fayetteville's most cultured citizens were in attendance. The occasion was the crowning social function of the season.

"When the Arkansas Building occupied its place on the World's Fair ground in the city of St. Louis, it was a source of pride to every native of the state it represented, for it was the most impressive in the large group of state edifices. But since by the genious (sic) and enterprise of A.F. Wolf it has been transferred from the Mound City of Missouri to the Crescent City of Arkansas, it presents an even more commanding appearance. Crowning as it does the crest of beautiful Mount Nord, a more bewitching prospect can not be found in any part of the great Southwest.

"Standing on the great broad verandas with their huge colonial columns, one is offered a charming view of the vast stretches of hill and valley which greet the eye on every hand.

"The night of the grand opening the building presented the aspect of a palace. Mr. Wolf has converted it into one of the most elegant and spacious residences to be found outside of a metropolitan city. It is magnificently furnished and has all the modern equipment. The dining room and the library are both as beautiful as a midsummer night's dream. The gilded parlors, with their costly brocaded draperies from Paris and Berlin, are elegant enough to be the reception rooms of kings and queens.

"The great assembly hall on the upper floor, reached by stairs of ornate grandeur, was filled with guests who listened to the rendition of a charming

program, prepared and executed under the auspices of the choir of the Central Methodist Church of this city. It included some of the best talent of this and other cities.

"Mr. Wolf came to this city from Paris, Ark., where he was born and reared on a farm. He is a graduate of the state University and is a young man, barely in his thirtieth year. A few years ago, he was teaching a small country school as a means of livelihood. Today as a result of his genious for business he is rated to be worth in the neighborhood of one hundred thousand dollars. He is a young man of unblemished character, a perfect gentleman in his bearing, benevolent in his gifts, an official in one of the city's churches, and the sympathizer of every good word and work."

Another view on Mount Nord.

After Wolf's death in 1910, the house remained the property of the family but served as a chapter house for various fraternities and sororities.

In 1935 the Wolf family found the structure too formidable to maintain and offered a 30-day option to purchase the residence for $10,000—one-tenth of its original value. The "Save the Arkansas Building" Society was hastily organized with Lessie S. Read, editor of the Fayetteville *Democrat* and a member of the State Centennial Commission as its general chairman. Immediate plans were to house the Northwest Arkansas State Centennial exhibit in the structure and hopefully transform the building into a permanent Product Show of Arkansas' industries and arts.

After describing the significance of the magnificent structure in the editorial appearing in a June 1935 issue of the Fayetteville *Democrat*, the following plea was made:

"Fate of the buiding now lies in the balance.

"It rests in your hands, and mine.

"Shall the bulding of priceless traditions be condemned and pulled down for kindling wood or cottages, or shall it be restored to its original beauty and made a publicly endowed monument of Arkansas enterprise for all time?

"Shall it once more draw to us thousands of admiring summer visitors, who used to be considered the city's greatest commercial asset, and become a community house in which to entertain conventions and peoples of note, or shall it disappear from our community and be just one more glory sacrificed by a people without pride or appreciation?

"These things are for you and me to decide.

"Are there enough native or adopted Arkansans in the world to perpetuate this beautiful structure?

"Its present owners hold a clear title and it can be had at the lowest figure ever set as its sale price.

"If you live in Arkansas now, if you ever lived in Arkansas, especially if you ever lived in Fayetteville and have a spark of pride in your state, speak up now.

"A 30-day option can be had on the building. It will take $10,000 to buy it and its site and donate this to the city, county or state for a public works program for perpetual preservation, as Senator Joe Robinson recently suggested.

"The first goal as a Centennial gift to all our people should be this $10,000 that must be had within 30 days. After this building is bought, how and for what it shall be preserved and maintained can be decided upon.

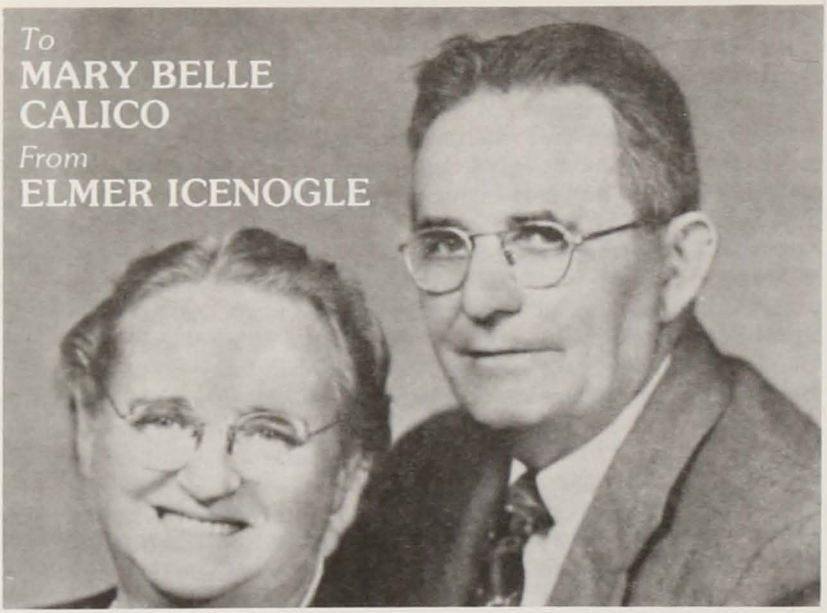
"There are several ways of making it serve the people.

"Ten thousand of Arkansas' million and half people at a dollar a head can save the situation. Ten thousand of Washington County's 35,000 people can do the same thing. Ten thousand people of Fayetteville and vicinty alone can turn the trick if they so desire. If the site can be donated, the improvement can become a state P.W.A. project.

"This is an appeal to every citizen, to every native son and daughter, to every single alumnus the University has ever known.

"Will you not send your dollar NOW to Save the Arkansas Building Society, care of the Fayetteville Daily Democrat? If the plan does not go through, your dollar will be returned. If it does go through your name for all time will be inscribed under the slate roof (and we hope soon to be made permanent and fireproof structure) of Arkansas' best and most beautiful and most lovely monument, to grace its present peerless site so long as any of us shall live."

A wrecking crew began razing the building in the late 1930s.



Elmer Icenogle with his wife, Mable. He is the author of "Winds of Adversity". Shortly before his death in February, 1978, he wrote a letter to Marybelle Calico, his second cousin from which came the following additional notes re the Icenogles.

Carthage, Ill., Jan. 18, 1976

Dear Marybelle: Sometime ago you asked me to write and tell you what I know about your antecedents on your father's side of the family. This is a cold, windy, chilly evening, ground covered with ice and snow and more promised for the next couple of days. — — — — —

Now, the Icenogles came from Germany about the time of the Revolutionary war. They left Germany because of some religious persecution. They were supposed to be well-to-do-people. There were three young men came. The old folks thought it was too much for them at their age to make such a long trip. The boys were to come to Germantown, Pennsylvania. Carl was the oldest, Fritz (Fred in English), and then Wilhelm, or William, were the others. All of the money that was to stake them in America was given into the care of Carl, as was the custom, he being the oldest and, of course, considered the most level-headed. We must remember that the old sailing vessels were not very seaworthy and were in constant danger from wind and wave.

The vessel with the three young Germans on board was caught in a terrific storm and blown much farther south than Germantown and was wrecked off the coast of North Carolina near Cape Hatteras. The Icenogles were dumped into the sea. William had tied himself to a deck chair, or seat,

before he was washed overboard. As far as anyone knows for sure, the others, Carl and Fritz, were drowned. Well, William was a nearly drowned Dutchman in a strange land among English-speaking people. He stayed awhile among his rescuers and then he heard that Daniel Boone was organizing an expedition to start a settlement on the Licking River in Kentucky and wanted teamsters to drive wagons over the mountains to Kentucky. He, having no funds as the money had all been lost with his brother Carl, had to work for a livelihood, so took the job as a driver of a wagon to Kentucky. There were a few scattered white men in the forests in those days and many Indians. Some Indian settlement had been destroyed there a few years before, and after, the Indians had been driven away and their lodges burnt. Some white people poking around in the ashes of the Indian village found a little Indian baby girl that had been abandoned by the tribe when they had fled. The whites took her and raised her up as a white child. When Wilhelm Icenogle saw her, he married her and settled near Boonesboro on land that he thought he owned as he had helped run the Indians away and had built himself a cabin and cleared some of the land. Boone also thought that was all he had to do to own the land. After the Revolutionary War, some "slick" eastern lawyers looking up records found that Boone or none of the settlers had a patent from the American government for their land, so they brought in surveyors and set up lines and patented the land, so U.S. government helped them drive Boone and all the settlers off their land and confiscated their houses, barns, fences, etc. William Icenogle moved to near Beardstown, Ill. where there was a German settlement. Boone went over into Missouri and settled near Booneville, which state at that time belonged to Spain. Boone became an officer of the Spanish crown, died there later, and was buried in Booneville, Mo. Several years ago the people of Kentucky moved his remains to Boonesboro, Kentucky. The fort that Boone and his settlers had built was protected by a high stockade fence made of logs set upright. A few scattered Indian braves tried to run the whites out or just came around to attempt to kill the settlers by sneaking up through the brush. Near the settlement was a bluff along the river. The source of the settlers food at that time was wild game which, in order to get, they had to leave the fort and stockade. The best time to hunt was about sun-up, so men would set out alone of a morning to shoot a wild turkey or deer to replenish their food supply. This high rocky bluff covered with ferns and brush made a good hiding place for a skulking Indian.

It got so the settlers would hear the "conk" of a turkey gobbler near that bluff, but when a hunter approached that sound, an Indian hidden in the brush would rise up, shoot him, and then disappear before any of the settlers found it out. No one seemed to know how anyone was shot and who did it. Maybe it would be quite a while between episodes of shootings and then some would be killed. One morning Wilhelm Icenogle went to the stockade gate and asked to be let out real early in the morning. The gatekeeper asked him where he was going so early, and Wilhelm said, "I go turkey hunting." He was cautioned of the danger by the gatekeeper. He went up on the top of the bluff by a roundabout course and sat down close

to the face of the bluff so he could see all the area below. About sun-up a big Indian raised up out of the brush and gobbled like a turkey, and waited a while, and repeated the performance, but that time Wilhelm shot him dead. As was the custom in those days, he scalped the Indian and took himself back to the gate of the stockade. When the gate man asked him why he came back so early with no turkey, William said, "Oh, I got my turkey all right," and holding up the Indian scalp said, "Don't you see his fedders?" That was the end of the episodes of settlers being murdered near the fort by skulking Indians. Sometimes a small war party would attack the fort and the settlers would drive them away. William's Indian wife would dress herself as an Indian brave, slip out and bring water from a spring for the settlers

Your father's forbears, as far as I know, but not clear back to the first William:

William Icenogle - Matilda Phillips
Montgomery Allen - Mary Beaston
William Henry Icenogle - Susan Allen
John Edward Icenogle - Louisa Harrison (your grandparents)

You will see by the above that your grandparents were John Edward Icenogle and Louisa Harrison. Louisa Harrison was the daughter of Nathan Harrison, but I don't recall what his wife's name was. Your great-grandparents are my grandparents. He was William Henry Icenogle and his wife was Susan Allen, a school teacher, who died when my father, William Clement Icenogle, was four years old. She was redheaded which accounts for the red hair of your aunts Goldie and Elizabeth, and of your Uncle Winnie. If I remember rightly, your brother J.R. had a reddish cast to his. William Henry Icenogle was born in 1819. I was four years old when he died in 1892. Your great-grandmother's father and mother were Montgomery Allen and his wife Mary Beaston. I never knew them. They were my great-grandparents on my grandmother's side of the house and were your great-great-grandparents. The next generation back was William Icenogle with Rachel Phillips as his wife. Her father was John Phillips, but I never knew what Rachel Phillips' parents' names were. That takes back to the Revolutionary War. My understanding was that there was another generation of Icenogles (after) the one that came from Germany whose German name was Wilhelm, but I have rather doubted it as it would go back too far. Your father Ramon, Stewart, and Bill, Pearl and your Uncle Carl had black hair. My father, William Clement Icenogle, and his brothers, Alfred Henry and George Thomas had had shiny black Indian hair. My hair was black. I have one girl, Addra, whom you have seen who is very dark-complexioned, and one son, Homer, who is very swarthy. My Uncle George had two real dark girls and two dark-haired boys. Uncle George, who was Uncle Ed's brother, who was your grandfather, lived to be 94 years old. He had a big Roman Indian nose, and his hair at 94 when he died was just as black as any Indian's. He worked until he was 93 when he had a stroke. Your Aunt Chat's hair was black as a raven's wing; so was your Aunt Nancy, but Nancy had blue eyes which you don't often see in a person with black hair. John Ed, your grandfather's hair was always white when I knew him as he had become too

hot working in the harvest field when he was young, his hair turned white, and always stayed that way. My wife and I thought Uncle Ed and Aunt "Dede", as he called her, were very fine people. They had had 13 children and one boy, Owen, died shortly after birth. Aunt Louisa had three sisters, Mary, Nancy, and Charity or "Chat" and one brother Elijah Harrison. Your great Aunt "Chat" married a school teacher named Lawler. He had a shrunken arm. I knew only one. Her name is Ruth M. Heaton who lives in Donna, Texas. Her sister, Lurlene, died a few years ago. Mrs. Heaton is a nice person and we correspond regularly. She is short and heavy and is badly afflicted by arthritis. Your Aunt Chat may have a picture of her Aunt Chat Lawler.

Well I believe I have about covered the ground. My mother's name was Addra Rose. She died when I was born. Her mother had two young boys and was a widow woman. My father took care of her and her boys until I was thirteen years of age when he married again. Last September I was 87 years old. My grandfather, who was your great-grandfather, died at our house where he made his home after my grandmother died. He could shoot with a bow and arrow like any Indian. About two months before he died, one of my young uncles, my mother's brother, coaxed him to make a bow and some arrows. He went out one sunny day in the winter, sat on the wood pile and made them. He caught cold which he never got entirely over, and as he had asthma, his cold and asthma ran into pneumonia and he died, but he used to shoot down some wooden soldiers that I set up for him a few weeks before he died. He was the first person I ever saw die. I loved him very much. He is buried southeast of Rushville in Schuyler County, Ill. near Beardstown where he was born.

Louisa Harrison Icenogle was born about five miles southwest of Rushville, Ill. on a stream called Greene Branch. John Edward Icenogle was born about five miles southeast of Rushville in an area that was called Hardscrabble. His father moved to an 80 acres near Nathan Harrison's place, and that is how Uncle Ed met your grandmother. That is a hilly area, was thickly timbered, and they had to clear the land. Your great-grandfather Icenogle was a gifted man as was Uncle Ed. He could make or build about anything he wanted to. Sometimes he was a drover, going through the country buying hogs, cattle, sheep, wool, and even knitted socks traveling from near Rushville to Warsaw, Ill. on the Mississippi River, where the stuff was shipped down the Mississippi to New Orleans and around to New York City. He would take a new road back, buying and driving stock to Beardstown, Ill. where the stuff was loaded on a boat, taken down the Illinois River, and then to the Mississippi to the sea and around to the east coast. My father told me that when he was on one of those drives they might not see him for six weeks as they had to drive slowly on account of the livestock. There were a couple of hands that helped drive the stock. Of course this was in the winter and there was a lot of hardships on a drive.

Forgive my bad penmanship as the medicine that I take for asthma makes my hand shake. I am inclined to write rapidly and that also causes my scribbling. When one gets old he is apt to forget his infirmities and tries to do as he used to do. 'Bye now. God bless you all. Sincerely, Elmer

THE ZION COMMUNITY BAND

by Lloyd O. Warren

Prior to the availability of radio, TV, and stereo, musical entertainment was frequently provided by small concert bands made up of interested citizens of the community. One such band was organized in the Zion community about seven miles northeast of Fayetteville. It provided musical programs for homecomings, Decoration Day, Fourth of July picnics and other events that characterized the social life of the early 1900's. The members of the band would meet more or less regularly to "practice-up" for anticipated public appearances. It was not unusual for the band to be invited to perform for major events in other nearby communities such as Goshen, Johnson, Sonora, etc. In fact, some of the band members met future wives as a result of the cross-community concert presentations. The Zion band was most active prior to World War I, but reformed after the Armistice. Later, various members of the band joined the Barrs' Band of Fayetteville which contributed to the musical entertainment needs of Fayetteville and Washington County through the 1920's and 30's. Elliot, Ben and John Warren participated in many of the Washington County Fairs until World War II and changing musical interest caused the demise of the community band concerts that characterized the first four decades of the 20th Century.

The Zion Band about 1910-12
Left to right: James H. Warren, —, Ivery Lee Warren, —, —, Elliot Lloyd Warren, Fred Warren, —, —, Benjamin H. Warren, John M. Warren, Charles Jack Mahan. (Can you identify any unnamed members?)

PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORIES

These photographs, submitted by Marian C. Ledgerwood, were sent to FLASHBACK some months ago. We apologize for not using them before, but have been trying to use them in connection with some reminiscences of her parents' life in and around Durham at the turn of the century. We are using these two as fillers for the present issue and promise Mrs. Ledgerwood to run her story "The Good Old Days" in November FLASHBACK along with another group photo taken in 1898 at Durham. Ella Jones (at 17) in the one photo is Mrs. Legerwood's mother. Your Editor.

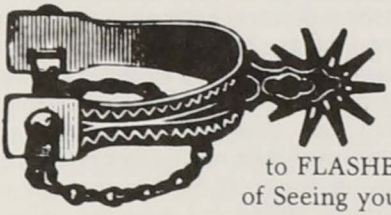
Sunday school class taught by John Davis at Harris, June 1908, pictured on the Jim McGarrah lawn. Top row, left to right: Phania Bower, Sallie Baxter, Wesley Keeter, John Davis, Nellie Shively, Floyd Toney. Front row, left to right: Loyd Toney, Hurcy (?) Keeter, Walt Wallace, Ella May Jones, Warren Davis.

Gertrude Jones, age 21 (Ella's aunt), and Ella Jones, age 17, in Middle Fork of White River, Sulphur City, AR May 3, 1910.

QUERIES *(continued from page 33)*

Myrna S. Katzen Roland, 5024 San Anselmo, Las Vegas, NV 89120: Need information on the following families: Jesse and Nancy PASCHALL HOBBS, Thomas and Sarfrona JOHNSON Hobbs, J. and Sara(h) SMITH Johnson, John and Mary HILLENBURG HILL, Thomas (Tommy) TURNER, "Smokey" Smith, Leaner JONES WEBER and the Weber family of Dutch Mills, AR, and the ROLAND family. All the families lived in Washington County, AR around Durham and Fayetteville during the 1800s. Verification needed on the naming of Hobbs Mountain, on which the city of Durham is located. (It might be a local name or an older name that has been changed.) Especially interested in records of any kind that can confirm Sarfrona Johnson Hobbs a full Cherokee.

Your Editors hope this will SPUR YOU into Action to get a Story



to FLASHBACK for the Fun of Seeing your Name in Print.

ON THE THRESHOLD: THREE FAYETTEVILLE WOMEN

by Edith Hassel (with special thanks to Helen Leflar, Mary Virginia Byroade, and Louise Bell)

(This spring, for the first time, a historical essay contest was jointly sponsored by the Happy Hollow Foundation and the Washington County Historical Society, open to Fayetteville High School students. We publish below the first prize winner and, in future issues, will publish other entries. The time frame specified for the essays was the late 1920s.)

In 1927, the United States, was, by its own estimation, a nation on the threshold of a greatness the likes of which the world had never seen. World War I having primed the economy, the twenties treated the majority of the people most graciously. The year before the year before the Crash, 1927 was the year of the good life. And so it was in northwest Arkansas. If Fayetteville was maturing, 1927 was her thirteenth birthday, and she was thrilled with the promise of blossoming womanhood. Growing pains would appear all too soon, but for now there was an optimism like none that had ever been seen before. And so it was, as well, in the lives of three Fayetteville women, each on her own threshold of new experience. Helen Finger was but a girl in her own young adolescence. Mary Virginia Vincenheller was a college student, soon to be faced with the responsibilities of marriage and a family. And Louise Bell was a newlywed bride, fresh out of school and just beginning a career which would eventually lead to a job at the top—where no Fayetteville woman has ever ventured, before or since. Like old photographs in a scrapbook, their recollections are snapshots of that which once was Fayetteville, and that which, despite the fact that she has grown and changed, continues to be the little girl in her.

In 1927, Helen Finger Leflar was merely Helen Finger, young, laughing daughter of the highly regarded author, C.J. Finger. The twenties was a time of prosperity for the family, Mr. Finger having been awarded the Newberry Medal for Children's Literature in 1924, and from that time forward turning out about two books each year.

Though she with her four brothers and sisters (known collectively as The Five Fingers) and their parents were accustomed to the pleasures of an F. Scott Fitzgeraldian era, her memories of the time are not recantations of a life of luxury, but glistening slivers of impression, fragments of a simpler age. She fondly recalls her mother, "the gentlest creature in the world", who would bake twelve loaves of bread each week ("You know how much boys eat!"), as well as her father, "Oh, but he was a flamboyant man!", who would take his children each week to the Farmers' Market on the square. Mrs. Leflar remembers as well their nightly battles, the children begging that they be allowed to stay up "Just until Mr. VonBerg (an old Indian man, the melody of whose trumpet spilled out over the valley every evening at

sunset) plays 'Taps'". And perhaps most vivid of all is her memory of Carl Sandburg's visit to the Finger home when he "played the banjo all night long...that yellow shock of hair falling down onto his forehead". "No one was ever worried about what was going to happen," she says, "we were just so busy enjoying what was happening...and so sure that things were going to keep getting better."

Mrs. G.L. Byroade

Louise Bell

Helen Finger Leflar

In 1927, Mrs. G.L. Byroade was not yet Mrs. G.L. Byroade, but rather Miss Mary Virginia Vincenheller, college student and a member of the "Dapper Set...as opposed to the Flapper Set, who were sophomores at the time". Though Miss Vincenheller would have given her eyeteeth to live at the Chi Omega House which was "admittedly something of a slum...thirty girls sharing one bathtub...but it was a fun slum", she was living with her mother, their home frequented by "plenty of young gentlemen, Sunday afternoon card players, and bath-seeking Chi-Os".

Mrs. Byroade's memories are as well snapshots of "a good time...a very good time". She speaks of college life, for the most part, remembering days of wiener roasting at Ghost Hollow and nights of foxtrotting with the Black Diamond Orchestra wherever they would play. She smiles, too, reminiscing

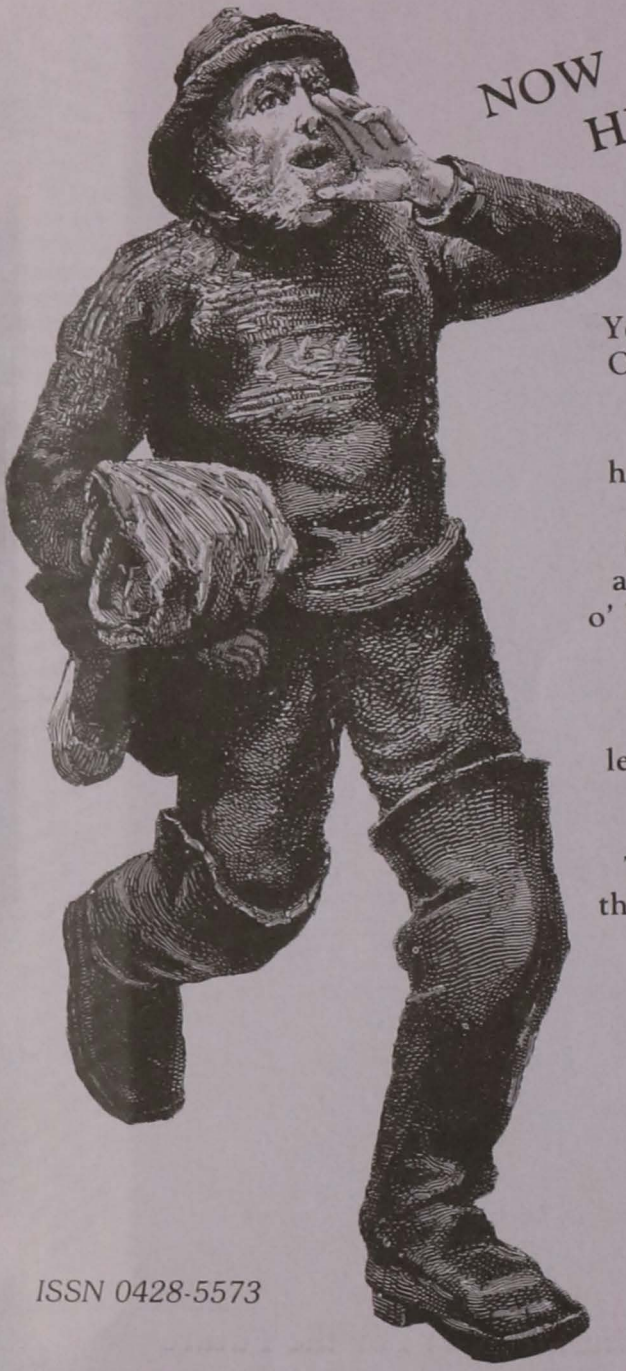
on the parties held in the grand old Washington Avenue home in which she still resides. "Oh, I don't know," she laughs, "we must not have been *too* rambunctious—the house is still here." She speaks as well of the community, which consisted at that time of about 8,000 residents, recalling the words of a friend who had left Fayetteville and then returned, complaining that she "used to know everyone, then knew most people...sure was mad when she found out that she didn't even know all the blacks!" Times have changed.

In 1927, Louise Bell, newly wed and fresh out of college, took her first job as a teacher at Fayetteville High School. Her memories of that time are vivid and tinged with bemusement at her then-naive optimism. The high school at that time was in a state of disrepair, had no library, and was of an inadequate size. Full of enthusiasm for their new jobs, Mrs. Bell and another new teacher, Chester Dickson, decided to raise money for the library themselves. Their first fundraising project was a "Womanless Wedding" in which all the parts—bride, bridegroom, bridesmaids, ushers, etc. were played by boys from the high school. "The women of the A.A.U.W.", she recalls with a smile, "helped us to find gowns for the boys. The main problem, though, was finding large enough shoes...and the boys complained horribly about the heels hurting their ankles. We'd line then all up and help them put on their shoes, but by the time we got to the end of the line, the boys at the beginning of the line had taken their shoes off!" Shoes or no shoes, the Womanless Wedding was an overwhelming success. In four nights, six hundred dollars was contributed to the library fund.

Other fundraising projects were as lucrative, but not as much fun. It was that same year that Mrs. Bell and Chester Dickson established the hot lunch program. Each evening, the women made two huge kettles of soup, which they would sell the next day to students and teachers who didn't want to go home for lunch. Again, all proceeds went to the library fund. "The problem was," says Mrs. Bell, "that there wasn't anything to do with the dishes, so we had to take them home every night. When the program got really big, it was just too much work. Finally, the principal agreed to put in a sink. It was the first sink, aside from the washroom basins, that F.H.S. ever had."

Despite their own enthusiasm for the Dickson/Bell projects, not all of the teachers approved of their fundraising ideas or their efforts to reform the school. Mrs. Bell admits now that their new ideas probably seemed threatening to some teachers. "And," she adds a mischievous gleam in her eye, "I guess we were to some degree revolutionaries!"

These, then, are the impressions of three Fayetteville women of a time when they, like their hometown, were on the threshold of a new era. They, like the city, crossed their own thresholds. Helen Finger went on to become Mrs. Robert Leflar, wife of a university professor and a proud mother and grandmother. Mrs. Byroade married, moved away, had children, and is living in Fayetteville now. Mrs. Bell taught for several years, and then went on to become the first and only female principal in the history of Fayetteville High School. And Fayetteville, too, has survived the last five and a half decades, growing, maturing and amassing the photographs of all her children into a scrapbook which *is* Fayetteville.



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